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The Outlook

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1906

San Francisco in Ruins

Shaken and partly destroyed by earthquake, devastated by fire, with more than half its people homeless, encamped in the open air, and sorely in need of food and shelter, San Francisco appeals to the sympathy and the succor of America. The calamity is comparable only with those which laid waste Chicago, Charleston, and Galveston, and in some ways is more widespread than any that has ever afflicted any American city. Early in the morning of Wednesday of last week (5:15 is the exact time) an earthquake so powerful as to affect seismological instruments on the other side of the world shook part of the Pacific Coast. A second and lighter shock followed at eight o'clock. Not only San Francisco, but a score of smaller Californian places suffered. Santa Rosa, for instance, a charming town north of San Francisco, lost some forty or fifty lives, and the public and business buildings were wrecked; San José suffered even more severely, and, including the loss of life in Agnew's Insane Asylum near by, probably at least one hundred and fifty people perished there; at Palo Alto the fine and beautiful buildings of the Leland Stanford Junior University, including the great memorial church, were overthrown in whole or in part. These, with the lesser disasters in many places, would alone have startled the world, had they not been thrown into relative insignificance by the appalling scenes in San Francisco. Just what the loss of life there may have been is not yet accurately known. No doubt the first fearful guesses of many thousands were much exaggerated, but although the great business houses and public buildings had hardly any people in them at the early hour, there were countless tenement, lodging, and small private houses shaken down, and beneath them and from falling walls in the streets where they had rushed for refuge, and in single disasters here and there, hundreds of men, women, and children perished or were maimed. One newspaper correspondent thus describes the effect of the shock: "Beginning with a slight tremor, it increased in violence every moment. Before it was over, the smaller and older buildings in the business districts had fallen like houses of cards, the great steel buildings were mainly skinned of walls, and the tenement district, south of Market, was in ruins. In the Western Addition and the hills, where live the wealthy and well-to-do people, few houses went down; but the shock was so great that people streamed out into the streets, where the ground was still quaking." The United States Government buildings fell, with the exception of the Mint, which was favorably situated, and the new Post-Office, which was seriously injured but not wholly destroyed; the City Hall, which cost $7,000,000, lay in ruins; theaters, business blocks, department stores, hotels, banks, and churches were overthrown by scores. The famous Palace Hotel escaped the shock to fall later by fire. Generally speaking, the few steel structures withstood the shock remarkably well, and architects draw the deduction that if a steel structure be properly anchored in rock foundations it is the best form of frame to resist seismic disturbance, even though the outer shell of stone or brick be shaken off. The damage by shock was greatest in the low, made lands which lie mainly to the southeast of Market Street and were occupied partly by the business section, partly by the poorer classes of dwellings, including "Chinatown," which was utterly destroyed. It is a difficult problem for insurance men to say what was ruined by shock and what by fire, but, as we write, the impression seems to be that the first form of destruction was less sweeping than at first supposed.

At the Mercy of Fire

Hardly had the ground ceased to shake to and fro when a great number of fires blazed fiercely up in all parts of the ruined section. Joining together in centers of flame, soon eight large conflagrations could be counted. Water was not to be had from the broken mains, the wind blew west from the Bay, and the most heroic efforts of firemen and volunteers could not prevent a steady advance of the fire lines toward the northwest, where is the better residential section, and through the southern or Mission section, thickly tenanted by poor people. Dynamite was used freely, but with little effect, and on Thursday it seemed as if the entire city would go. But that night came a change of the wind, and the steady western trade-wind turned the fire back on itself, so that by Friday Mayor Schmitz could issue a proclamation declaring that the fire was under control, the danger passed, and a supply of water at hand; nevertheless, he pointed out the likelihood of other fires being started if citizens should use unsafe chimneys, and urged great caution. The turn in the direction of the fire endangered for a time the great ferry house at the foot of Market Street. While the section actually destroyed is not, geographically speaking, much more than a third of the city territory, it is the heart of San Francisco, including the chief business streets, immense districts inhabited by the poorer people, and a large part of the so-called Nob Hill quarter, where were the finest and costliest residences of the city. Another fine residence section, Pacific Heights, escaped, together with that known as the Western Addition. The unburned territory, although large in extent, was in the nature of suburbs and was not closely built up, so that estimates made as late as Saturday declared that three-quarters of San Francisco's improvements on real estate had been destroyed. The burned district is about two miles from east to west and from two to four miles from north to south, with, of course, very irregular lines. The money loss by fire may be from two to three hundred million dollars, and it is feared that some of the fire insurance companies may be overwhelmed by their liabilities. What may be the uninsured and pitiful loss of personal property, especially by the poor and homeless families, is not capable of being reckoned in figures.

The Concentration Camps

More than 200,000 people, it is said, slept on Thursday and Friday nights in the great camps established in Golden Gate Park, in the Presidio, and at Fort Mason, tens of thousands crossed the ferries and sought refuge in Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda, while other thousands camped in the small parks, public buildings, and the open field. Suffering was serious and widespread despite the mild and clear weather. Water was scarce and its distribution difficult; food was at first hard to come at, and there seemed danger that it might temporarily give out altogether. All accounts agree, however, that the people as a whole were patient, resourceful, and mutually helpful. Attempts at plunder and extortion were promptly met and sternly punished. General Funston, commanding the United States troops, lent the municipal authorities invaluable aid in preserving order, picketing the lines and aiding the refugees. Citizens' committees were active in every direction. Soldiers, police, and firemen toiled incessantly and efficiently. A few miscreants were shot; some provision dealers who tried to charge a dollar for a loaf of bread were arbitrarily forced to desist. The dead were buried in trenches here and there by the older men workers. The injured and feeble were protected and helped to hospitals. Tents were erected by hundreds in the camps. Everywhere were seen picturesque as well as pathetic and heartrending incidents, and everywhere was a disposition to make the best of things. The greatest danger now is from sanitary conditions, which are necessarily bad in the beginning but are rapidly being improved.

Relief at Hand The moment the situation became understood the Nation rushed to the aid of the stricken people of San Francisco. Congress appropriated first a million dollars for relief, and later added a second million. Secretary Taft devoted his whole time to setting in motion the War Department's machinery to hurry from every available point tents, provisions, and, if needed, soldiers. Chambers of Commerce and other public agencies subscribed and gathered vast amounts. Individuals contributed sums ranging from the $100,000 each of Andrew Carnegie and W. W. Astor to the dollar of the workingman. By Saturday it was estimated that at least ten millions had been subscribed, and from every quarter supplies were hastening by the train-load to San Francisco. President Roosevelt recommended that "the outpouring of the Nation's aid should, as far as possible, be intrusted to the American Red Cross, the National organization best fitted to undertake such relief work." Of this National society Secretary Taft is President, and it is now so organized that it can easily and naturally co-operate with those instruments of the Federal, State, and municipal governments which will be employed in alleviating distress. Many of the States have well-organized branches. It is most fortunate that of these the California branch is among those best established. For money contributed through this channel there will be a public accounting, and contributions intrusted to the Red Cross will have the greater value because they will be utilized in conjunction with the public authorities. For this reason The Outlook advises its readers to make their contributions for the relief of San Francisco, and of other places injured by the earthquake, through the Red Cross Society. Money may be sent either to the State treasurers or to the National treasurer. The largest State branch is that of New York, and its Treasurer is Jacob H. Schiff, Room 309, 300 Fifth Avenue. The Treasurer of the American National Red Cross is Charles Hallam Keep, Washington, D. C. Dr. Edward T. Devine, Secretary of the New York City Charity Organization Society and Professor of Sociology in Columbia University, has been chosen to assume control of all Red Cross relief work in the State of California. It is certain that support from outside will be needed for an indefinite period. Too much praise cannot be given to the military and municipal authorities in San Francisco for the work already done, but they must have National support and organized relief. That San Francisco will be rebuilt is already an assured fact, and that it will so be rebuilt and so supplied with water as to render impossible, even in case of earthquake, the devastation of last week is confidently predicted.

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The President's Criticism of the Judiciary When Judge Humphrey, of the United States District Court of Chicago, decided that the beef-packers under criminal indictment were immune, by virtue of the information which they had given to the Bureau of Corporations, it was clear that some change in the law would have to be made unless Judge Humphrey's decision were reversed. It is evident that Congress never intended to make one law for the control of corporations interfere with the operations under another law designed also to control corporations; and yet that was the practical effect of the decision. The President has, consequently, sent a special message to Congress recommending that Congress pass "a declaratory act stating its real intention." The President points out the necessity also of allowing the Government "the same right of appeal in criminal cases, on questions of law, which the defendant now has, in all cases where the defendant has not been put in jeopardy by a trial upon the merits of the charge made against him." He, moreover, urges the desirability of enacting a law "declaring the true construction of the existing legislation so far as it affects immunity." In commenting on this he justly adds:

> Our system of criminal jurisprudence has descended to us from a period when the danger was lest the accused should not have his rights adequately preserved, and it is admirably framed to meet this danger. But at present the danger is just the reverse; that is, the danger nowadays is, not that innocent

men will be convicted of crime, but that the guilty man will go scot free. This is especially the case where the crime is one of greed and cunning, perpetrated by a man of wealth in the course of those business operations where the code of conduct is at variance, not merely with the code of humanity and morality, but with the code as established in the law of the land.

With this The Outlook heartily agrees. The same principle was laid down by Secretary Taft in his speech at Yale Law School last summer. But when the President goes on to speak in criticism of Judge Humphrey's decision, he employs phraseology which one would hardly like to see even in newspaper comment. He says that "the result has been a miscarriage of justice," that he can "hardly believe that the ruling of Judge Humphrey will be followed by other judges," and that "such interpretation of the law comes measurably near making the law a farce." This language of the President is hardly in accordance with the principle on which he acted when, in reply to the labor leaders headed by Mr. Gompers, he delivered a rebuke to them for submitting to him a criticism of a co-ordinate branch of the Government. In that case it was Congress whose dignity the President regarded. The judiciary is also a co-ordinate branch of the Government with the executive. Its position is such that its power and usefulness are in great measure dependent upon the respect which the people pay to it. There is no occasion for making of the courts a fetish; but the American people are not so law-abiding that it is wholesome for any public man so to speak of the judiciary as to lower popular respect for the courts.

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Comment on the "Muck-Rake" Speech

The Outlook expressed its own views of the President's address on the "Man with the Muck-Rake," together with a reprint of the speech itself, last week. Those newspapers which made their criticisms of the address before it was delivered discovered after its delivery that they had to do their work over again. Much to their surprise, they found that the noteworthy thing about this speech was not, after all, a criticism of critics, but a proposition for an amelioration of conditions out of which the "muck-rakers" had made capital. The Cincinnati "Post" is one of the few newspapers which thought it worth while to debate at length the President's protest against hysteria. It considers that protest untimely in view of the fact that "our fault as a people is not in too much complaint, but in too easy tolerance of wrongs." The passage in the President's speech which has aroused discussion all over this country, and even evoked comment from the British press, is that in which he recommends a tax upon fortunes transmitted by gift or inheritance. This discussion has revealed many points of view, and has been participated in by some journalists who seem to have no point of view whatever. One of the most unintentionally amusing comments has been made by the "News and Courier," of Charleston, South Carolina. This paper says, with calm indifference to the meaning of words, that the President's suggestion "is Socialism in one of its most radical manifestations, and it indicates a policy which will meet with high favor by the reactionary element in both the old-line political parties." After thus expressing its surprise at such a "radical" and "reactionary" proposition, it announces with entire equanimity a suggestion made "by a thoughtful student of social and political problems in this town," namely, Charleston, that "enormous fortunes . . . shall revert in large part to the State upon the death of their owners." Some newspapers urge that the taxation or confiscation of fortunes should be made, not by the Federal Government, but by the State. As to this the Milwaukee "Free Press" says:

> There is manifest justice in the idea of this tax being imposed by the National Government—the proceeds going into the National Treasury. Most of the fortunes of unhealthy limits as to size are sapped up from the country at large, rather than from one small portion of it—as a State. There would be no justice in the State of New Jersey, or New York, getting all of the Rockefeller wealth except a million or two that might be allowed to pass on to the billionaire's children.

Volatile as the American people often are in matters which appeal to the sentiments and the emotions, they are conservative in matters of thought and opinion. In respect to this proposition of the President's, this conservative trait has been tersely expressed by a Southern newspaper, the "Ledger," of Birmingham, Alabama, in these two sentences:

> The American idea has been to allow a man to make all he can. That is so clearly a man's right that nobody except the Socialists object to it.

And the New York "Times" is so confident that the present industrial system and order are of divine origin that it ventures to think that

> Upon more mature reflection the President may conclude that it is not wise to undertake to interfere, by Governmental operations, with the natural course of our evolution. He may even come to be impressed with the wisdom of the familiar line:
>
> I sometimes think that it were best to leave the Lord alone.

This conservative opinion, or at least the tendency to be cautious in formulating views about matters that have not been framed in conventional party pronouncements, has been evinced in the disinclination of many public men to express their opinion upon the proposition to put limits upon fortunes. Senator Clark, of Montana, who is reputed to be the richest man in the Senate, expressed the opinion, as reported in the press, that there was "no warrant for this unrest and agitation." On the other hand, Professor Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University, who is everywhere recognized as an authority on social science, is reported to have said that Mr. Roosevelt has exercised great political foresight in forestalling a bitter class struggle between the power of great wealth and the power of a workingman's socialism by formulating plans designed to maintain the present social organism by limiting it in the interest of the whole public. Strange to say, very little comment has been called forth by the apparently more immediately practicable proposition of the President for the Federal licensing of corporations doing an inter-State business.

* * *

Operators Reject Miners' Compromise Offer

The representatives of the anthracite-carrying railroad companies on April 16 rejected the final compromise offer of the representatives of the hard-coal mine employees to the effect that the differences between them preventing a resumption of mining operations be submitted for arbitration to the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission. The formal reply of the operators closes with the statement that "we have no suggestions to make other than those contained in our former proposition," which were to the effect that only questions concerning wages and the adjustment of complaints be submitted for arbitration to at least a majority of the Strike Commission, a proposition that had previously been rejected by the representatives of the mine employees. The reply of the operators states that "the fundamental principles regarding the conduct of this business have all been established by the Strike Commission," and insists that no reason has been suggested why they should be retried. The next important steps bearing upon the situation will be the submission to a special convention of anthracite employees of a report of the negotiations which have been carried on with the operators since December last, and the action this convention will take in the matter. It is possible that the convention will accept the report of the committee, and then by resolution agree to a continuance of the arrangements and conditions of employment laid down by the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission's award. The alternative is the formal declaration of a strike to take the place of the present suspension. Strike conditions already prevail among the mining population of the three hard-coal fields. Marriages have been postponed, thousands of mine workers have left the region to secure employment elsewhere or have returned to their homes in southeastern Europe, family expenditures have been checked, business houses have laid off employees, the crews of coal trains and many yard employees have been thrown out of employment, and a general state of idleness prevails in all the mining towns. Such conditions, although in less accentuated forms, would have prevailed during the summer, however, even if there had been no formal suspension of coal-mining at this time, owing to the over-supply of coal held by the railroad mining companies. It is estimated that nearly nine million tons of coal are in the different storage yards, and until this had been largely disposed of the mines would have been worked on half-time only, with corresponding idleness for the employees. The important developments in the bituminous mine labor situation the past week are the return of more workers to the mines in different States in consequence of the signing of the 1903 mining scale by other operators, and the rejection by the mine workers' officials of the offer of arbitration by the operators who refused to sign the 1903 scale. This offer was referred to in The Outlook of April 21. The reasons given for its rejection by the National Executive Board of the United Mine Workers of America are its limitations in scope and the resulting unfairness of arbitration to those operators who have granted the compromise wage increase. An important announcement relating to the coal situation was made last week. The United States Government has employed Mr. Charles E. Hughes, who conducted the insurance examination in New York, as special counsel to examine alleged violations of the Inter-State Commerce Law by the coal-carrying railway companies.

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An Avalanche of Immigrants On one day last week over eighteen thousand immigrants were awaiting examination in New York harbor. Large and well equipped as is the immigration office on Ellis Island, efficient and well organized as is the force of inspectors, such numbers are overwhelming. Five thousand a day are about all that can be adequately examined; that means that the equivalent of a good-sized village has to be so closely inspected that no pauper, no insane person or idiot, no case of contagious or loathsome disease, shall be allowed to pass. Of this community, in other words, a census has to be taken, and the physical condition of each of its members has to be diagnosed. Even the normal number of immigrants taxes the ability of the inspectors to the utmost. It requires a high degree of alertness, skill, trained judgment, experience, and common sense to pick out from a steadily moving file of foreigners those who are not legally admissible. When, therefore, there is such human congestion as that which has existed at Ellis Island these past few days, the conditions are serious. By Saturday, 45,000 immigrants, it is estimated, had reached the port of New York during the week. Of course there has been nothing to do but to keep shipload after shipload waiting unlanded. In the meantime other crowded vessels have been arriving, each of them black with people—floating hives covered with human bees. Enough foreigners arrived in New York harbor last week to populate a city a fifth larger than Tacoma, Washington. Is it conceivable that such a host, one-half again as large as the greatest number heretofore arriving in the same interval and greater than the total number of immigrants for any year prior to 1832, can be properly scrutinized in any one place within the space of a week? Is it not clear that inspection ought to be made in the various ports of embarkation rather than concentrated in one place on this side of the Atlantic? There is now pending in both houses of Congress a bill placing further restrictions upon immigration. It seems imperative that some legislative action be taken. Even arbitrary restrictions, although they might do nothing more than limit the number without affecting the quality of immigrants, appear now to be preferable to a continuation of present conditions.

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The Insurance Legislation The New York Legislature acted last week on all of the insurance bills introduced by the Armstrong Committee, sending them to the Governor in practically the form into which they had been finally put by the Committee. An attack which promised for a time to be successful was made in the Senate on one of the most important parts of the main bill. An amendment was introduced by Senator Horace White, of Syracuse, eliminating the provision requiring mutual companies to make public the lists of their policy-holders previous to an election. The amendment was forced through the Senate against the protest of Senator Armstrong that it would fatally weaken the whole plan of the insurance legislation and would make it impossible for the policy-holders of the New York Life and the Mutual to exert any influence against the old management at the coming election. An immediate outburst of public disapproval throughout the State and the prompt and energetic action of Governor Higgins secured a reconsideration and the rejection of the amendment the next day. The bill was then passed without further amendment. This completes the work of the Armstrong Committee, crowning it with the success which the faithful, unselfish, and tireless labors of its members so richly deserve. In contrast to the excellent record of the Legislature in the insurance legislation is its action in regard to the tax on the surplus of savings banks. Both the Republican party and Governor Higgins personally had pledged themselves to the repeal of this tax; but, in spite of this pledge, the bill providing for its repeal was defeated in the Senate last week. It is reported that the bill was killed for political reasons in an attempt to embarrass the Senator who introduced it. The failure to carry out its expressed pledge, for purposes of factional revenge, reflects the greatest discredit on the Republican party in the New York Legislature.

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The Franklin Celebration

The two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Franklin was observed in Philadelphia last week by a series of deeply interesting meetings. It is not often that a great public man is so closely identified with a locality as was Franklin with Philadelphia—his home for many years, and the place in which he worked out many of his experiments, both scientific and practical. There was a large representation of foreign scientists, among them Sir George Howard Darwin, who presented to the American Philosophical Society, in the very building in which Franklin formerly presided over its sessions, a medallion of Franklin, which he put into the hands of the presiding officer, Professor W. B. Scott, of Princeton, a great-great-grandson of Franklin, and a medallion of Erasmus Darwin, one of Sir George's great-grandfathers. Professor Hugo de Vries, of Amsterdam, Professor Pickering, of Harvard, Professor Knight, of London, Professors Nichol, of Cornell, Chamberlin, of Chicago University, Royce, of Cambridge, and Rutherford, of Montreal, contributed to the discussion of the different sides of Franklin's wonderfully fruitful career. The most picturesque feature of the celebration came at the close of the opening exercises in Witherspoon Hall when Mr. Carnegie, wearing a brilliant scarlet robe as Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews, conferred upon Miss Agnes Irwin, Dean of Radcliffe College, and a granddaughter of Franklin, the degree of LL.D. from the same Scotch university which in 1759 conferred that degree on Franklin. Miss Irwin is the fourth woman whom the University of St. Andrews has honored with this degree. The presentation of a degree by a venerable foreign university to the great-granddaughter of Franklin was the most picturesque incident, but the presentation of the Franklin medal to the Republic of France, in accordance with the act of Congress, was perhaps the most significant. The ceremonies were held in the Academy of Music, and the presentation was made by Mr. Root, Secretary of State, to M. Jusserand, French Ambassador. Previous to the presentation, addresses in commemoration of Franklin were made by Dr. Horace Howard Furness, President Eliot, and Mr. Choate. Dr. Furness's interpretation of Franklin's character was especially intelligent and happy. He said, among other things:

> No more auspicious star twinkles for us in the firmament than that which shone on the birth of Franklin. Under it he was endowed with an unappeasable hunger for knowledge; with a temperament so equable that the sight of injustice could alone disturb its poise; with a wisdom so comprehensive that no experience of life, however humble, failed to enlarge it; with a sagacity so sure that it partook of a prophet's fire; with an honesty so ingrained that in his "Autobiography" he would endure disgrace rather than seem to be what he was not; with a sense of humor so keen that it kept him from

yielding to the obtrusive vagaries of overwrought enthusiasm.

President Eliot, on the other hand, dealt chiefly with Franklin's attitude toward public affairs:

> Franklin's political philosophy may all be summed up in seven words—first freedom, then public happiness and comfort. The spirit of liberty was born in him. He resented his brother's blows when he was an apprentice, and escaped from them. As a mere boy he refused to attend church on Sundays, in accordance with the custom of his family and his town, and devoted his Sundays to reading and study. In practicing his trade he claimed and diligently sought complete freedom. In public and private business alike he tried to induce people to take any action desired by them by presenting to them a motive they could understand and feel—a motive which acted on their own wills and excited their hopes. This is the only method possible under a régime of liberty.

Civil List Parsimony

Mr. John Burns, the English labor leader, once contended that no man's work is worth more than twenty-five hundred dollars a year; he has had to take considerable bantering, however, since he has accepted a Cabinet office which pays ten thousand dollars a year. The fact is, as President Eliot said in his recent address at Chicago, the day-laborer—Mr. Burns was that once—will never believe that any man can fairly earn a great salary. No iron-bound rule, indeed, can be laid down in the matter. As regards our Government servants, however, we do not gauge their salaries by the accumulated amount of wealth represented in the business managed—but we should gauge them by a reasonable estimate of the inherent worth of human service. The President of the United States is obliged to be satisfied with a smaller salary than that paid to the heads of some minor European countries; yet what man fills an office of greater responsibility? In a recent article in the "North American Review" ex-Postmaster-General James declared that President Monroe, on retiring from the Presidency, was compelled to sell his library for want of money and go to work in order actually to exist, and that President Benjamin Harrison was obliged after his term of office to take up his profession again in order properly to provide for his family, saving more in the year following his retirement from the Presidency than he had been able to save in the four years of his incumbency; that William Windom, Secretary of the Treasury, was compelled to enter active business after he had retired from President Garfield's Cabinet; that Windom's successor, Governor Foster, administered the secretaryship when his private affairs were really on the verge of bankruptcy, yet, knowing what the Government straits were soon to be with regard to gold, he could have profited by that knowledge had he been so disposed; that Mr. Carlisle came to New York, after four years' service as Secretary of the Treasury, absolutely dependent on the practice of his profession. As Mr. James pointed out, Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, showed the other day that the value of the agricultural products of the United States for 1905 considerably exceeded six thousand million dollars, and also showed with what great rapidity the value of the farms themselves is increasing. Notwithstanding this augmented wealth, and notwithstanding the higher cost of living, there has been no increase, in a general way, of the salaries of our public officials.

The Workman is Worthy of His Hire

Progressive as Americans have been in most directions, we are among the backward nations in compensating our high public officers. In the business and professional worlds Americans receive far higher salaries than men of corresponding positions in other countries, but our great Government officials, the men upon whom the prosperity of the country vitally depends, are paid low salaries compared with officials of like responsibility in any other country. We are glad that public attention has now been drawn to this subject by Congressmen themselves. Representative Longworth, of Ohio, in a recent speech pointed out the fact that the salaries of the President, Vice-President, Supreme Court Justices, Cabinet Ministers, and Ambassadors are very much smaller than our Government can easily afford and should pay; for instance, the salary of the

Auditor of the Panama Canal is ten thousand dollars a year, while his chief, the Secretary of War, receives eight thousand dollars. Nor are the salaries of Senators and Representatives adequate for a proper performance of the duties which they owe to their constituents and their country. In this spirit Representative Longworth recently introduced a bill practically to increase the salaries of our diplomats abroad by providing permanent embassies and legations; and as to our home officials, Representative Loudenslager, of New Jersey, presented a bill to increase the salaries of the heads of Executive Departments to fifteen thousand dollars a year each, and the salary of the Vice-President of the United States to twenty-five thousand dollars a year; we wish that he had also included a doubling of the President's salary.

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Helen Keller's Appeal To Helen Keller's appeal for the blind, printed in another place in this issue, we add our indorsement rather for our own sake than for hers. The Outlook wishes to be counted with her. The first duty which every man owes to society is to be self-supporting; the most fundamental charity is help to the willing to become self-supporting. That the blind can be made self-supporting, that they are eager to become self-supporting, and that they cannot become self-supporting without aid from the seeing, Helen Keller abundantly demonstrates. In the two States of New York and Massachusetts associations have been formed, first, to give such aid, and, second, by so doing on a moderate scale, to inspire the State to take up the work and carry it on upon a larger scale. The immediate requests of these associations are very moderate. New York's asks for the current year $15,000. It has, we believe, no paid officers. The immediate needs of the Massachusetts organization we are not able to state, but they are not large. When the possibility of rendering the blind independent and self-supporting has been established beyond all question, we may reasonably hope that the States will undertake the work of providing industrial education and industrial opportunities for them—but not before. Meanwhile, those who wish to be counted among the pioneers can send their contributions, or their inquiries for fuller information, for the Massachusetts Association, to Mr. Charles F. F. Campbell, 393A Broadway, Cambridge, Massachusetts; for the New York Association, to Mr. Herbert S. Barnes, 35 Wall Street, the treasurer, or to Miss Winifred Holt, 44 East Seventy-eighth Street, the secretary. Such contributions will be applied effectively to help the blind to support themselves.

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Daniel Huntington Daniel Huntington, who died at his home in New York City on Wednesday of last week, was probably the oldest artist of rank in the country, and had long been one of the best known. His career may be said to cover the whole history of American art after the close of the period of Copley, Stuart, and Allston. In point of age he was the leader of the older school of American painters, and for many years any kind of memorial painting for municipalities or organized bodies was apt to go his way by a kind of predestination, as in Holland it went to Frans Hals or Rembrandt. He had distinguished New England ancestry, was educated in the good old-fashioned way in an academy in the days when academies were places of liberal education. He had the great good fortune to be prepared for college by Dr. Horace Bushnell, and began formal college work at Hamilton. His love of art, however, and his predestination to use the brush as an instrument of expression, interrupted his college course. Fortunate friendships confirmed his taste, and at a very early age he left college and began painting portraits. He studied, meanwhile, under Inman and Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, who at that time was Professor of the Literature of the Arts of Design in the University of the City of New York, and a professional painter. As far back as 1835 Mr. Huntington painted two pictures—"The Bar-room Politician" and "The Toper Asleep"—which attracted wide attention and gave him some reputation. A year later he was painting in the highlands of the Hudson, in the neighborhood of Rondout Creek, and demonstrating his right to be a leader of what has since been called the Hudson River School. Four years later he went abroad, studied in Rome, Florence, and Paris, and painted a number of pictures which were widely discussed. After a brief residence in his own country he went back to Europe on account of failing eyesight, and lived for two years in Florence. On his return to New York in 1845 he gave the emphasis of his efforts to portraiture. The list of prominent men in England and the United States who sat for him is a long and distinguished one, and his brush has preserved the features of many of the best-known women of New York and Washington. He became an academician in 1840, was elected president in 1862, and held that position until 1891, when he resigned. A contemporary critic said of him that few of our painters "have exhibited greater versatility of talent or more broad and pure artistic sympathies. . . . He has delineated scenery and executed genre pictures with eminent success, so that his artist life is singularly representative and suggestive." The large picture, crowded with figures, sometimes known as "The Republican Court," but which the artist called "Mrs. Washington's Reception," contains between sixty five and seventy portraits of men and women, and was painted with the most painstaking fidelity, the artist having sought out and studied all accessible material in the way of portraiture. He is said to have painted more than a thousand portraits and at least two hundred other pictures, his portraits being distinguished by simplicity, dignity, and richness of coloring, and his landscapes by sincere feeling for nature and by admirable technical skill. Mr. Huntington was associated with the best things in the life of New York and of the country. He was one of the founders of the Century Association, and its president from 1879 until 1895. His long life was stainless, his devotion to his profession tireless and enthusiastic, his capacity for friendship notable, and his kindness tireless.

The Glory of San Francisco

Above the awful ruins of San Francisco, above the pall of dust and smoke which overhangs it, is a splendor which will remain long after the ruins and the cloud have disappeared, and no one can understand the true meaning of this tragedy who fails to see this splendor—that of brave, true men and women. These, not buildings of steel and brick and stone, constitute the glory of a city, and these are not ruined. Never did they shine more luminous than in the awful days which have just passed. Above the crash of falling buildings, the explosions of dynamite, the cries of the wounded and the dying, one might hear, voiced not in words but in splendid deeds, the chant:

"We will not fear though the earth be removed,
And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

We build our cities with strong and noble architecture, we call on all our knowledge and skill to create material symbols of our wealth that shall be able to defy the forces of nature, and a cyclone blows upon them and they are carried away by its breath like a child's house of cards, or the fire creeps stealthily upon them and they burn like shavings in the furnace, or the volcano opens its mouth and laps them up with its fiery tongue, or the earth shakes them and they fall upon the ground as though smitten with hopeless terror. And cyclone, fire, volcano, and earthquake repeat the lesson we are so slow to learn, that the material is not the real, not the permanent. Its strength is fragility, its endurance transient.

But, at the same time, indomitable courage, unshaken patience, exhaustless charity, find in the disaster their opportunity, in the tragedy their glory. They also repeat to us a lesson—that the immaterial is the real, the spiritual is the indestructible. The real tragedy is the collapse of a human soul, and, thank

God, what the disaster at San Francisco reveals is the soul of a great people unshaken by earthquake, unsinged by fire.

In that hour the hearts of men were revealed, because the conventions of society were loosened, and the people were thrown back upon their instincts and their impulses for guidance. Doubtless there were shameful scenes of panic and of sordid selfishness, but there were also resplendent deeds of unselfish devotion, and it was this spirit of devotion that was dominant. The citizens making their brave fight against the devouring flames after the water supply was exhausted and courage was no longer reenforced by hope, the conversion of the food supplies of the city into a common stock to be shared by the hungry as necessity might dictate, the invitation to the homeless to find shelter in the houses that remained, the offer of free carriage across the bay by the railway company to the fleeing throngs, the inrush of physicians from the surrounding country to tend the wounded and the dying without charge, the volunteer burial service for rich and poor in a common grave, the Catholic priest putting up his altar and conducting service in the open air that reverence and faith might not be without a witness, the Mayor reflecting the purpose of the people in his public message to the Nation that a new San Francisco will be rebuilt upon the ruins of the old, the quick response of the whole country, by Congress and by unnumbered thousands of individual givers, offering their aid before a call had been made for succor—these and kindred incidents stand out to show that San Francisco is not destroyed nor America injured. For no city is destroyed while her people remain brave and true, and no country is injured while her people are united in the faith that the injury of one is an opportunity for service to his uninjured neighbor.

"The removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made," says the sacred writer, "signifieth that those things which cannot be shaken may remain." The Outlook makes here no attempt to explain the ways of God. We essay a humbler task: to point out a lesson that may be learned from the earthquake and the fire—the lesson that the glory of America lies, not in her material things, but in her spirit. The material things may at any time crumble to dust or be consumed to ashes; but if so, the only effect is to give her heart of courage and of charity a new opportunity for exercise. And it is this spirit which alone makes either an individual or a nation great.

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The Divorce Decision

The Supreme Court of the United States has rendered a decision which it is reasonable to believe will have the effect of putting an end to fraudulent divorces.

The Constitution of the United States provides that full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the judicial proceedings of every other State; but, in order that such credit shall be given, the court whose judicial proceedings are in question must have jurisdiction of the case and of the parties involved. What is necessary to give a State court jurisdiction of the parties is a question which has often been before the Supreme Court of the United States. It has decided that if a court grants divorce in accordance with the laws of a State, that divorce is binding on the parties and properties within the State, although the defendant may never have had notice of the divorce proceedings; that if both the parties appear in the case, this appearance gives the court jurisdiction; that if the husband and wife have lived in the State and the wife has left her husband and moved into another State, the courts of the State from which she has moved have jurisdiction and the divorce decreed by them is valid although she has not been personally served with its process. But it has now decided that if a husband and wife have had no residence within the State, and one of them, say the husband, has obtained residence in it, having previously separated from his wife, the decree of divorce granted by such State has no legal effect beyond the boundaries of that State unless the wife has been personally served with process or otherwise brought within the State's jurisdiction. We cannot better indicate the effect of this decision than by quoting from the opinion of Judge White his statement of the effect which would be produced by the opposite opinion that a State may grant a legal divorce to a man residing in that State though his wife has never resided in it and has never been personally served with the summons:

> Under the rule contended for [and condemned by the Supreme Court] it would follow that the States whose laws were the most lax as to length of residence required for domicile, as to causes for divorce and to speed of procedure concerning divorce, would in effect dominate all the other States. In other words, any person who was married in one State and who wished to violate the marital obligations would be able, by following the lines of least resistance, to go into the State whose laws were the most lax, and there avail of them for the purpose of the severance of the marriage tie and the destruction of the rights of the other party to the marriage contract, to the overthrow of the laws and public policy of the other States. Thus the argument comes necessarily to this, that to preserve the lawful authority of all the States over marriage it is essential to decide that all the States have such authority only at the sufferance of the other States.

Grouping these decisions of the Supreme Court, the results may be thus briefly stated: If a State wishes to go back to the pagan-Roman conception of marriage as a partnership which can be dissolved at the pleasure of either party, it is at liberty to do so, and divorces granted by that State will be legal within the boundaries of the State. If a husband and wife living in another State wish to adopt the pagan-partnership conception of marriage, they can move to such pagan State and get the divorce and it will be legal. But if the husband alone wishes to turn pagan and moves to the State where marriage is regarded as a dissolvable partnership, he cannot compel his wife to accept his new conception of the marriage relation, and any divorce which he may obtain within the State to which he has moved will have no force or effect outside of its boundaries.

It is thought by some of the newspapers that the effect of this decision will be to add impetus to the movement for uniform divorce laws. We think that it will have the opposite effect. The chief complaint against the present working of divorce laws in America, by those who believe that marriage is something more than a commercial partnership, dissolvable at the pleasure of either party, has been that the States whose divorce laws are most lax have been able to impose those laws on all the other States. This will no longer be possible. We shall continue to have some States which believe that husband and wife should live together until death do them part, and others which believe that every marital tiff or uncongeniality of temper should lead to a separation and a new experiment. But the people of one State will not have their marriage laws invalidated by the decrees of another State. They will have therefore no longer the same reason that they have had in the past for desiring some amendment of the Constitution limiting the power of those who hold the pagan conception of marriage to impose it upon those who hold the Christian conception of marriage. Any uniform divorce law would be necessarily a compromise between these two conceptions. It is at least questionable whether the injury to the family would not be greater than the benefit.

It may be reasonably hoped that this decision of the Supreme Court will effectually put an end, not indeed to all divorces on inadequate grounds, but to all fraudulent and grossly unjust divorces.

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Public Responsibility for Mob Violence

Two months ago a crowd of men and boys in Springfield, Ohio, inflamed by the murderous deeds of two negroes, terrorized a sordid negro quarter of the city, demolished buildings, and set the forces of order at defiance. A number of young men and boys were arrested. Some were acquitted; others were fined one dollar apiece and costs, and their fine remitted. The Outlook, having characterized this proceeding as a travesty on justice, has received from Springfield the following letter:

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As one of the jurors drawn to sit upon the case of the alleged rioters arrested in this city a few weeks ago, and at the request of other jurors and many prominent citizens of Springfield, I wish to say, briefly: The real rioters in the Springfield outbreak were never before this jury. Thirteen young men and boys were arraigned. Five were acquitted and eight technically convicted. The difference in the jury's verdict was based on this distinction: Those not shown to have started with or followed the mob crowd were released. Those who, in the prevailing excitement, or through motives of youthful curiosity, kept with the crowd, but who committed no act of destruction or violence, were convicted under the first clause of a very severe indictment, namely, of "being found in an unlawful assembly." Not one, even of the latter, was proven to have done a single morally culpable act during the night of the riot. Propriety and public opinion, however, seemed to require a distinction to be made in the verdict.

The police court officials, fire marshals, and the military authorities would have gladly given out to the world that in the person of these thirteen unoffending youths the real rioters, hose-cutters, and house burners had been captured and punished. The fact is, the sharks and dog-fish got away, as they usually do, and the minnows were ensnared in the net. Those arrested spent from one to six nights in jail, according as they were or were not able to furnish bail. I repeat, not one of the actual rioters was tried before this jury.

The Outlook, in its issue of April 7, said: "If there could be any surer method of bringing ridicule upon criminal proceedings, it is apparently unknown in Springfield, Ohio." There could be, however, a "surer method of bringing ridicule upon criminal proceedings." It would be to punish the innocent because the guilty had escaped, and to allow public assumption, or the oratory of an eloquent police prosecutor, to usurp the place which in such a trial can justly be given only to the evidence.

CHARLES S. KAY.

Springfield, Ohio.

Either these boys were guilty of rioting or they were not. If they were guilty, the community could not release them from punishment without sharing in their crime and abetting them in lawlessness. If they were not guilty, the community was inexcusably at fault both in attempting formally to put some of the stigma upon them, and in failing to secure the real offenders. No explanation can change the fact that Springfield, Ohio, has twice suffered a mob to destroy property and menace the safety of citizens, and has twice allowed the mob to go unpunished. That community is in a sorry state of intellectual and moral confusion which first permits within its borders a vicious quarter to flourish, and then acquiesces in attacks on that quarter by an irresponsible mob. No one community, however, is sinner above all others. As The Outlook said two years ago when the first of the two mobs held sway in Springfield, Ohio, "There are unnumbered communities in the United States, outwardly peaceable to-day, which are in fact as lawless as was Springfield" during the mob rule. And now another of these communities has revealed its lawlessness. Springfield, Missouri, has followed the example of its Northern namesake, and has permitted a mob to seize and lynch negroes awaiting trial; and citizens of the place have shown a readiness to render judgment without waiting for the due process of law. Wherever, in fact, the community allows lawbreaking to continue unmolested so long as it is not scandalously open and too troublesome, it abdicates its throne as sovereign; it must, therefore, not be surprised if, when the mob seizes its throne, rudely does the work which the community ought to have done in an orderly fashion, and for a time rules in its stead, it loses its repute as a civilized community.

There is a sound foundation for the American public sentiment which holds a community morally responsible for the deeds of violence perpetrated within its borders. We are informed that the State of Ohio has by statute relieved its counties and cities from legal responsibility to property-owners for damage done by mobs. If this is so, that State has denied to its citizens and residents one of the rights which all people who live in civilized lands ought to have. The man whose house is destroyed by a mob has, under such conditions, no recourse. He cannot recover from the community, and of course he cannot recover from the irresponsible, propertyless rioters. He cannot trust for protection to the Government under which he lives; he can trust only to the chance that no mob will rise, or that, if a mob does rise, it will be checked. But, however broadly the State may grant to its local governments immunity for their own neglect, public opinion will justly hold them morally responsible, and will deny to them to just that extent the right to call themselves civilized.

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Great Fortunes

Every child comes into this world without anything. There are only three ways by which he can get anything: he can produce it by his industry; he can receive it from his neighbor; he can get it from the common stock.

Man can produce wealth by his industry—of brain or hand, in making goods or in finding a market for them, in service material or in service intellectual and spiritual. He may weave a piece of cloth or he may organize a factory and give employment to a thousand theretofore idle men. One is industry as truly as the other. Law ought not to put limits on honest and honorable industry. It ought to encourage, not discourage, service, whether of brain or hand. It were well if the State might levy no tax on property thus produced. If it could come by its own, it would no longer need to tax industry.

Man can receive wealth from another who already possesses it. He may receive it as a gift, as the child through his childhood receives from his parent food, clothing, shelter, education. The law may limit the amount which one man may receive by gift from another, and such limitations have sometimes been imposed. But man may also get wealth from his fellow-man otherwise than by gift: as by robbery, by theft, by fraud, by gambling. Robbery, theft, fraud, gambling, ought to be prohibited and as far as possible prevented by law. Little nefarious operations are prohibited, but not great ones—the confidence game of the bunco man, but not the confidence game of the unscrupulous financier; gambling with dice, but not gambling in stocks and in grain and cotton. Senator Washburn proposed a bill to prohibit the latter form of gambling: it was defeated; it might receive more favorable consideration now.

The third method of acquiring wealth is getting it out of the common wealth of which the continent is a storehouse—out of the great forests, great prairies, great mines, great reservoirs of oil, great rivers, great lakes, great natural forces like steam and electricity, and the great highways, whether of the Nation, the State, or the city. These belong, of right, to all the people. Under our industrial system they are offered to any man who is shrewd enough or unscrupulous enough, or both, to get possession of them.

Most if not all the enormous fortunes have been largely made by the second or the third method—by gambling operations or by getting possession of the common stock. If we accept the popular estimate of the elder Cornelius Vanderbilt's wealth at, say, $180,000,000, and assume the popular chronology of the Bible, then we may say that if Adam had lived six thousand years, worked three hundred days each year, and laid by one hundred dollars each day, he would have earned no more than Cornelius Vanderbilt acquired in a lifetime. Part of that $180,000,000 he produced by productive industry, and to that he was justly entitled. But if he acquired any proportion of it from the pockets of men less shrewd than himself by gambling operations, and if he acquired any proportion of it out of the common stock by obtaining possession of one of the greatest of the Nation's great highways, to that proportion he was not entitled. The Outlook does not blame him; it does not blame other men, now living, who have acquired greater fortunes in whole or in part by the same method. It blames the industrial system which has produced both them and their methods.

What we want is not a law to take the great fortunes from their possessors when they die; we want laws which will insure to honest industry of brain and muscle all that it can produce, which will prohibit, and as far as possible prevent, all operations by which shrewd men get from their less shrewd neighbors something for nothing, and which will secure the common wealth—the oil in the ground, the unworked mines, the virgin forests, the untilled prairies, the great rivers, the unharnessed forces of nature—for all the people. If we can find ways to do this—and this is not impossible—we can safely leave individuals to make as great fortunes as they can make by honest productive industry.

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Evolution or Revolution?

The change from autocratic to constitutional government now in process in Russia is the result of a long-continued economic and political crisis. The economic crisis has been due, first, to the discontent of the muzhiks, or peasants, who form four-fifths of the population. The large landed proprietors are producing more than they consume; the peasants are producing less than they consume. In order somewhat to equalize conditions, it naturally occurs to the muzhik, with leagues of untilled soil a little way from his village, that the ownership of part of the arable land might well pass from landlord to peasant, especially as the muzhik has always believed that crown lands somehow would eventually belong to the peasantry. A few well-intentioned ministers have, it is true, helped the muzhik. About a quarter of a century ago the Peasants' Land Bank was created to advance money to muzhik purchasers on the security of property bought, but, though followed by the absorption of millions of acres, has only slightly relieved the pressure on the peasantry as a whole. The muzhik now realizes that the general government system precludes agricultural progress. This is emphasized by the recent famine and the recent war—events raising agrarian problems from which the muzhiks were the first to suffer.

The economic crisis has been due, secondly, to the growth of industrialism in the towns, where a discontented proletariat class has been produced partly by material hardships, partly by the propaganda of professional agitators of communistic trades unionism among the uneducated. The agitators have not failed pertinently to call attention to the injustice between employer and employed and to the exemption of Government beneficiaries from certain rates and taxes. Hence, in many places workmen went on strike, and the crisis was only slightly lessened by the Government's admission to the franchise of workmen representing the larger establishments. The Russian "industrials," called into being largely by the genius of Count Witte, the present Premier, are now, for the first time, a factor which must be reckoned with, not only in Russia's social but also in her political structure. For the "industrials" will never be satisfied until they obtain, educationally, a sufficient number of Government-endowed schools, and, economically, a system of higher wages and fewer hours, but also, politically, a practically unrestrained access to a Parliament.

The economic crisis in Russia has been due, thirdly, to the strike of discontented Government employees themselves—post, telegraph, railway, and other employees. The disintegration produced by their strike proceeded not only because their cessation of work isolated the Russian Government last autumn from communicating with the rest of the world, or even with the Russian provinces, districts, and cities, by rail, telegraph, or telephone; it has a moral value from the fact that these employees, like the agriculturists and the industrials, up to the present practically voiceless, have now made their appearance on both the economic and the political stage. They demanded concessions. They obtained them, and more than once. These three conscious elements, then, the agriculturists, the industrials, and certain of the Government employees, brought about a material crisis, and from it constituted an argument for practical political reform.

Three additional elements, however, reinforce the argument for political reform. These latter elements form a mass no less conscious, if less coherent, than those already mentioned. First, there are the annexed races and religions. The problem as to these has always been, What shall be made of them—shall they be slaves or equals, enemies or co-workers? A century ago Alexander I.'s generous ideas triumphed; then there was tolerance by fits and starts; finally there was systematic suppression, as we have lately seen in Finland. Out of that suppression, however, has come an effort of the annexed peoples to regain their ancient liberties, which in the case of the Finns has already been crowned with deserved success.

Again, there is the quieter but stronger influence of the zemstvoists, or members of the provincial councils. Despite the fancied evil of a large representation of the nobility among those members and the real evil of the central Government's nullification of some zemstvo activity, the general zemstvo tendency has shown itself liberal. Reactionary nobles may not freely exercise their landowners' and employers' will under that tendency. Liberal nobles are so many protagonists for its representative and reforming quality; for instance, Prince Troubetskoy has said: "His Majesty can prevent a revolution. There is but one way. He must have confidence in the nation and in its representative bodies."

Finally, there are the revolutionaries. Aside from the extremes of Nihilism in the last century and of Socialism in this, the revolutionaries who command our attention, and not infrequently awaken our respect, are the so-called "intellectuals," the survivors and representatives of the student movement. Its influence has greatly increased ever since Russian students became imbued with the spirit of Comte's positivist philosophy, in which social reorganization is the ultimate object of scientific research; and especially since 1868, when the student exiles at Geneva founded the "Narodnoye Dyelo" (The Cause of the People), and actually succeeded in smuggling it across the Russian frontier—a magazine aiming to draw away the young generation from merely academic Nihilism to more practical revolutionary activity. As usual, throttled public opinion, here represented by the exiled students, took revenge by becoming revolutionary.

There are revolutionaries so crazed by the oppression under which they have lived that they are eager to throw off that oppression at whatever cost and then let come what may. There are other revolutionaries, however, who have a definite, conscious purpose of construction as well as destruction, who keep before themselves the ideal of democracy, and are opposed to anything which does not promise a Russian republic. If that republic ever comes into being, it may be said to have been born on January 22, 1905—"Bloody Sunday." The events of that day brought forward Father Gapon, a priest who understood the psychology of the masses in so far as defiance to a vacillating "Little Father" is concerned, but who had no clear political policy or principle. Otherwise, when he won his claim against the Government for destruction of property belonging to workmen, he would not have kept for himself part of the award, as it is alleged that he did. A Russian writer has recently confessed, "A backbone is missing both in Russian virtues and Russian vices."

One who apparently contradicts this impression is Nicolas Tchaykovsky, the friend of Kropotkin and Stepniak, and the present able representative of the Russian revolutionaries in America. An article from his pen on the Russian situation will be found in this number of The Outlook. The Tchaykovsky ideal is a republic, but the Tchaykovsky methods are apparently to be those of force. What chance of success have they? Even suppose the peasantry and the army to be more disaffected than they are, with what possibility of victory could the revolutionaries hope to pass over the present transient political stage and meet the requirements of that most advanced political form of government—a republic? Is not their surer path the one now being trod with surprising success in the present elections by the Constitutional Democrats—a party which the revolutionary as well as the State Socialists have energized in part, for in Russia, reversing the usual order, democracy has been awakened by socialism? The condemnation by the revolutionaries of the Constitutional Democrats as being too "academic" is not sustained by the favor just shown at the polls to the latter, who, accepting monarchy as an unavoidable governmental form for the present in Russia, nevertheless stand unswervingly for a Russian constitution on a democratic basis. This is the only firm and feasible footing for a change in Russia from autocracy to democracy. In France, '93 succeeded '89, and was in turn followed by a reaction of the most extreme kind. Unless the precedents of history are misleading, in Russia reform, to be lasting, must come by peaceful evolution rather than by armed revolution.

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Educational Secularization in England

The new President of the English Board of Education is Mr. Augustine Birrell, well known as the author of "Obiter Dicta," "Res Judicatæ," and other charming essays. A fortnight ago Mr. Birrell won another title to fame by introducing in the House of Commons a new Education Bill. So far as personality and style are concerned, it is a long time since any one carried the House with him as did this speaker, and if his bill should pass it would mark a distinct turning-point in English history. For the first time in that history an attempt is now made to secularize British education—probably the most important phase in an educational conflict which, ever since Joseph Lancaster opened his school for education on sectarian lines, has been waged intermittently for a century, continuously for a generation.

At present English elementary instruction is controlled by the Board of Education, which came into existence six years ago. In every district instruction must be provided for resident children between the ages of five and fourteen; those between twelve and fourteen may conditionally obtain from local by-laws partial or total exemption from school attendance. Under the Education Act of 1902 the local educational authorities are the councils of counties, county boroughs, non-county boroughs with population over ten thousand, and cities with population over twenty thousand. These local authorities must establish educational committees, which in turn appoint from a majority of their members a managing council.

Prior to 1902 there were two kinds of schools in England—established by the Act of 1870—the board or public schools and the voluntary or church schools. Both were supported in part by grants from the central Government; the board schools, however, were empowered to draw upon the local "rates" for their supplementary income; the voluntary schools were so called because largely supported by local voluntary contributions. As the school-board rate grew, it became increasingly difficult to get voluntary subscriptions, and there was a consequent decline in the quality of the voluntary schools. In the board schools unsectarian religion was taught; in the voluntary schools sectarian doctrines were inculcated. In 1902 each was educating about half of the six millions of working-class children in England.

The Education Act of 1902 co-ordinated these two classes of schools, but it did not completely co-ordinate them. The board schools were thenceforth known as "provided" schools; the voluntary schools became "aided" schools. The educational expenses of the latter were paid not only by the central Government but also by the local rates—despite the agreement of 1870 by which there was never to be sectarian teaching in rate-aided schools! In return for this favor the managers of the aided schools gave the use of their buildings free of charge for elementary school purposes, agreed to maintain the buildings and to comply with pedagogical requirements, including the number and qualifications of the teachers as prescribed by the local education authorities. Regarding popular control, however, the Act of 1902 gave to the public but two seats out of six on the managing committee of each "aided" school; the religious composition of those committees therefore was frequently if not generally such as to favor the application of religious tests in selecting teachers for those schools. The whole scheme reminds one somewhat of the famous Concordat, now abrogated, between Church and State in France. The English Concordat aroused a storm of protest from those who did not belong to the Established Church. They vehemently objected to being taxed twice so as to provide for Church of England teaching; they also refused to pay school taxes on the ground that a system of taxation without representation had been instituted; there was a consequent haling to court of hundreds of these convinced "passive resisters." Their case is strengthened in the new Parliament, in which there are upwards of a hundred and seventy Dissenters, most of whom are supporters of the Liberal Cabinet and the party in power.

Their protagonist is Mr. Birrell himself, in face, manner, and style a fine example of the "early Victorian" Nonconformist. The provisions of his bill, as reported, should be welcome, not only to all dissenters from State-aided Anglican methods in particular, but to all who oppose State aid given to any sectarian school, whether Anglican, Wesleyan, Roman Catholic, or Jewish. Mr. Birrell's bill transfers the control of all schools maintained at the public expense from county and city councils to the popularly elected local school boards. The Government will no longer subsidize "aided" schools; if continued, they are to receive Government grants of money only on condition that the school managers accept the same unsectarian religious teaching as now given in the "provided" schools. Beginning with 1908, all Government schools are to be "provided" schools. The bill authorizes the local education authorities, whenever necessary or desirable, to arrange with the owners of the "aided" school buildings for such use of them as is required to carry on an elementary school five days in the week, between the hours of 9 A.M. and 4 P.M., the authorities to be responsible for the maintenance of the school building. In all schools unsectarian Christian teaching may be given between 9 and 9.45 A.M., the attendance of children not to be compulsory until after 9:45; thus any parent who objects to Bible teaching, either because it is insufficient or because he is an agnostic or a non-Christian, need not send his child to school until the secular curriculum begins. By consent of the local authorities, sectarian religious instruction may be permitted on two mornings a week outside of school hours, free of any charge to the taxpayers or of compulsory attendance to the children. In cities, however, where there is a choice of schools to which parents can send their children, extended facilities for sectarian teaching are offered: should four-fifths of the parents of children attending any particular school desire it, sectarian teaching may be given every day outside of school hours. This is probably meant to meet the needs of the Roman Catholics and Jews, though here and there an Anglican school would benefit by it. No member of the regular staff of teachers is allowed to give sectarian religious instruction, however, nor is any religious test to be applied in the selection of teachers, who are to be chosen solely by the local authorities. Thus public control is to be supreme and absolute over every primary school supported out of the public funds. For the taking over of the "aided" schools the bill provides an additional annual grant of five million dollars to the education budget from the imperial exchequer.

Mr. Birrell's bill is confessedly not a complete educational measure; for instance, it contains nothing about training colleges for teachers; it is, however, an excellent scheme for English primary education.

The outlook is not bright for its passage through Parliament. Even if it should get through the House of Commons, it could hardly pass the House of Lords, with thirty bishops and perhaps a majority of the peers in opposition. As an indication, nevertheless, that the Church of England is not a unit under the lead of the Archbishop of Canterbury in opposing the bill, such broad-minded ecclesiastics as the Bishop of Hereford, the Dean of Ripon, and Canon Hensley Henson have already come forward in its favor. Their expressed opinions show that a popular discussion of the subject is the necessary means to bring two principles closer than before, not only to "the Nonconformist conscience," but also to the native good sense and good judgment of all Englishmen: that there shall be no public taxation without public control, and that the existence of a State Church does not necessarily involve direction of the schools.

EARTHQUAKES AND THEIR CAUSES

BY JAMES F. KEMP

Professor of Geology, Columbia University

THE past few years have brought home to people in all parts of the world, and with exceptional emphasis, the destructive work of those two mysterious geological agents, the earthquake and the volcano. Of the two, the earthquake is the more to be dreaded. It rises without warning from the unknown and invisible depths; it shakes into dismembered fragments the structures on the surface and dies away, leaving irrepressible and incurable apprehension in its wake. The volcano, on the other hand, gives warning. Premonitory rumblings, columns of steam and dust, and even earthquakes themselves, attest its growing restlessness. The lingerers who remain too long within the range of its bombs and ashes are the ones who run the risks. The molten lava moves too slowly to cause danger, and rarely indeed has a blast of hot gas destroyed a town as at St. Pierre. Yet of the two the earthquake is the easier of explanation by natural causes.

Close observation of the rocky strata forming the visible portion of the earth has led inevitably to the conclusion that they have often been subjected to movements. Beds which must once have been flat upon the floor of the ocean are tilted at angles or bent into arches and troughs. Strata which were obviously once continuous over wide areas are now broken by great rifts called faults, and the portion on one side of the break has either risen or sunk with reference to that on the other. The movement may be slight, or, in the course of time, it may become a total of imposing dimensions. North of San Francisco, for instance, on the western side of Mount St. Helena, is a fault whose displacement is estimated at 2,500 feet. The movement in all such cases has progressed, it is thought, a few feet or inches at a time.

Three great causes have been suggested by geologists for the readjustments of the rocky strata. The time-honored view is that the earth was originally a highly heated and probably gaseous mass, which has cooled, and in consequence has consolidated. Experience in deep mines and determinations with self-registering thermometers at various points in deep bore-holes have shown that the temperature rises with descent. The general rate is one degree Fahrenheit for approximately each seventy-five feet in depth. A simple calculation based upon this rate of increase soon reveals a highly elevated temperature at moderate depths. These relations and the general conception of the heated original lead to the further conclusion that the earth must be still radiating and losing heat, and therefore contracting. When the loss becomes appreciable, then contraction asserts itself; the outer portion bulges in folds from the strain, or else adjusts itself along the great fissures mentioned above.

The objection to the contractional idea is this: When, with any loss of heat which we are justified in assuming, we endeavor to calculate the shrinkage, it appears to be much too small to accomplish the familiar results. Some have therefore sought another explanation, as follows:

The earth is a rapidly rotating spheroid, and is flattened at the poles and swollen at the equator. Its shape is precisely that which centrifugal energy would produce upon a somewhat plastic, rotating mass. The flattening is proportionate to the rapidity of rotation. Were this more rapid in the past, then the polar flattening must have been greater. Is it diminishing at the present, then the spherical shape must assert itself, and a return to a true sphere must result. The return would cause readjustments; the equatorial diameter must become less, the polar greater. Wrinkles, faults, and surface movements follow. The chief objection to this view is that we would expect our great ranges of mountains to run around the earth, roughly parallel with the equator and on either side of it. While the vast line of upheaval marked by the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Caucasus, and the Himalayas does coincide with the inferred direction, yet other great mountain systems run north and south as do the Andes, northeast as do the Appalachians, or northwest as do the Cordilleras.

There is one other fundamental suggestion which should be outlined before we pass to the more immediate causes of earthquakes. For the sake of analysis the spheroidal earth is imagined to consist of a series of sharply tapering pyramids whose apexes come together at the center and whose bases form the surface. Despite the apparent stiffness and resistance of rocks, considered in small masses, they must, when taken in huge masses, such as these pyramids, balance one another, and the earth must preserve equilibrium as does a drop of water. If we add to the bases of some pyramids, and increase their weight, they will overbalance others and cause the surface elsewhere to bulge outward. Readjustments follow. Now, the rivers, shore currents, and tides are constantly wearing away the land and piling up the materials in other places on the sea bottom. After a time the balance around the center is altered, and movements result.

There may be other causes than these three, and ones of which we are as yet uninformed, yet the above are the ones in which the chief confidence has been hitherto placed.

Let us now return to earthquakes, and, admitting the movements and readjustments, see if they throw light on the cause of these vibrations in the rocky strata. When the shocks occur in regions remote from volcanoes, we have no reason to connect the two phenomena. For these localities we must turn to something else. The fault furnishes the most probable cause. From time to time, when the strain becomes too great for the sides longer to resist, a slip occurs. Great masses of rock move along on others, until, with a jar almost inconceivably great, they come suddenly to rest. Vibrations spread in every direction, and when they reach the surface and have the much lighter atmosphere alone to restrain the movement, they become very violent. In their march they pass through different kinds of rocks. Some varieties transmit the shock better than others or vibrate at different rates. Their adhesion may not be able to resist the strain, and they part, leaving crevices or rents. When the shock passes from hard rocks to soft and incoherent sands or gravel, critical places are met, and if a crevice does not form, the sands may be shaken up and settle. When the earthquake passes to the crest of a cliff and causes a precipitous front to swing back and forth like a cantilever standing on end, the upper portion may be wrenched away from the rest and fall with a crash. Were a great hotel placed upon such a cliff above a beach or above the water below, it might go off in a heap of ruins.

In the special case of San Francisco, the inquiry is natural, Are these faults in its vicinity? There are several, and they have been long recognized. As much as twelve or thirteen years ago Professor A. C. Lawson, of the State University, established the existence of two principal ones and others of a minor character on the peninsula upon whose northern point the city stands. The two master faults run northwest and southeast. They look off with precipitous escarpments toward the southwest. A slipping down upon these or upon others like them is the most natural explanation which can be advanced for the shock. Realizing this faulted structure, and knowing from the records of shocks in California, which have been very carefully kept, that the State is a fruitful field for disturbances, many geologists have looked for some years for the appearance of a great one. While no such destruction was anticipated as we have recently seen, it was felt that the behavior of tall steel buildings would be tested. On the whole, they seem to have stood well.

The San Francisco shock differs in

one respect from other notable ones along a coast line. No tidal wave seems to have been caused, at least none which wrought havoc. Yet in the great Lisbon earthquake it was rather the onrush of the sea than the fall of the buildings which destroyed the victims. That fire should follow the shock and consume even the uninjured buildings is an experience at once exceptional and harrowing.

In volcanic regions earthquakes are one of the common attendant features of eruptions. While even amid these surroundings they may be produced by the slipping along faults, yet there are other causes more closely connected with the eruptive outbreaks. Thus one of the common forms in which the hardened lava appears in a volcanic district is the one called a dike. A mass of molten rock has been forced from below into a fissure and has there consolidated. It is revealed as a relatively narrow, dark band crossing older strata. All visitors to the shore resorts along the coast north of Boston are familiar with them, since the "trap dike" is one of the most striking features of the cliffs. At Nahant something like five hundred have been mapped within a rather small area. A moment's reflection will show that a wedge of this character could not have been driven into a fissure without starting not only one but numerous shocks. And as we have every reason to infer that the movement of the eruptive rock deep within the earth at any active cone of to-day is reproducing these familiar phenomena of eroded and dissected volcanic districts, so we naturally refer the shocks in part to the entrance of dikes.

But there are other possible causes. The records of the self-registering instruments in volcanic districts sometimes exhibit curves whose characters are similar to those obtained when great quantities of dynamite are exploded in engineering operations. So far as possible, scientific men improve the opportunity to record and study the earth vibrations whenever blasting takes place on an unusually large scale. For example, at the excavation of the old reefs at Hell Gate, in the East River, New York City, the oscillations were very carefully investigated, twenty-five or thirty years ago. When, therefore, similar records are obtained near a volcano, the presumption is raised that some subterranean explosion has occasioned them. Lava, we know, comes to the surface highly charged with steam and other gases. Explosions, often of enormous violence, take place in the crater. Were the uprising tide of heated rock to encounter quickly a body of water and cause it to flash into steam, a shock would inevitably result, analogous to the work of dynamite.

But, again, still other possible causes may not be overlooked. The outpouring of lava removes in a brief period of time a vast volume of rock from the interior. For example, one of the flows from Hecla, in Iceland, has been estimated to be equal in volume to Mont Blanc. The rocks surrounding the reservoir whence this passed to the surface must have closed in and readjustments quite sufficient to produce shocks could not but result. Even in mining regions where great amounts of coal or ore have been removed without due precautions, the collapse of the wall-rock has caused small earthquake shocks, which have spread to moderate distances and have caused alarm to local residents.

The uprising of mineral springs and of waters carrying in solution former components of the rocks underground may in time transfer much material to the surface and lead to collapses which produce mild shocks.

In many minds the question at once arose, when the news from San Francisco spread abroad, Has the earthquake any connection with the eruption of Vesuvius which is now subsiding? The coincidence in time is somewhat striking, but when one reflects on the thousands of miles of ocean and continent separating the two localities and upon the superficial nature of the two phenomena as compared both with the horizontal distance and with the diameter of the earth, it is impossible to reach any other conclusion than that the connection was purely fortuitous. California is a place of rather frequent shocks. Vesuvius, with short intervals of comparative repose, is almost constantly in eruption. It is not surprising that a shock and an outbreak, each of somewhat exceptional severity, happened nearly together.

Much interest has been felt by investigators in determining the probable depths at which earthquake shocks originate. The method pursued is as follows: We believe that from some interior place the vibrations spread in roughly spherical waves. The place where the waves first emerge at the surface will be directly over the place of origin, since this is the shortest course, or will be nearly so, for rocks of different conductivity may be involved. If, therefore, we can carefully learn the times at which the shock was first felt in different localities, and mark these on a map, the later times will surround the earliest in widening circles. The earliest time will be approximately over the place of origin.

Again, if we have instruments which show the direction and angle of emergence of the waves, or if, in a few concentric places, we can determine this in any other way, we can project the wave-paths downward, and the point where they intersect the radius of the earth passing through the point of earliest shock will be the place of origin. It is improbable that earthquakes from slipping originate at a greater depth, even in the hardest rocks, than six miles.

Instead of the times of emergence we may use the violence of the shock, as shown by the destruction of buildings, and plot upon a map an interior area of greatest effect, surrounded by concentric circular areas of diminishing injury. The area of greatest destruction usually corresponds quite closely with the place of earliest emergence, or, in other words, with the place immediately over the point of origin. Order and system of observation and deduction may thus be established, and from what would otherwise be almost hopeless confusion some tangible conclusions may be drawn. Undoubtedly this course will be at once undertaken by some of the San Francisco scientists, and their results may be awaited with interest.

THE PRAYER OF SOCRATES

BY JOHN H. FINLEY

Socrates

Ere we leave this friendly sky,
And cool Ilyssus flowing by,
Change the shrill cicala's song
For the clamor of the throng,
Let us make a parting prayer
To the gods of earth and air.

Phædrus

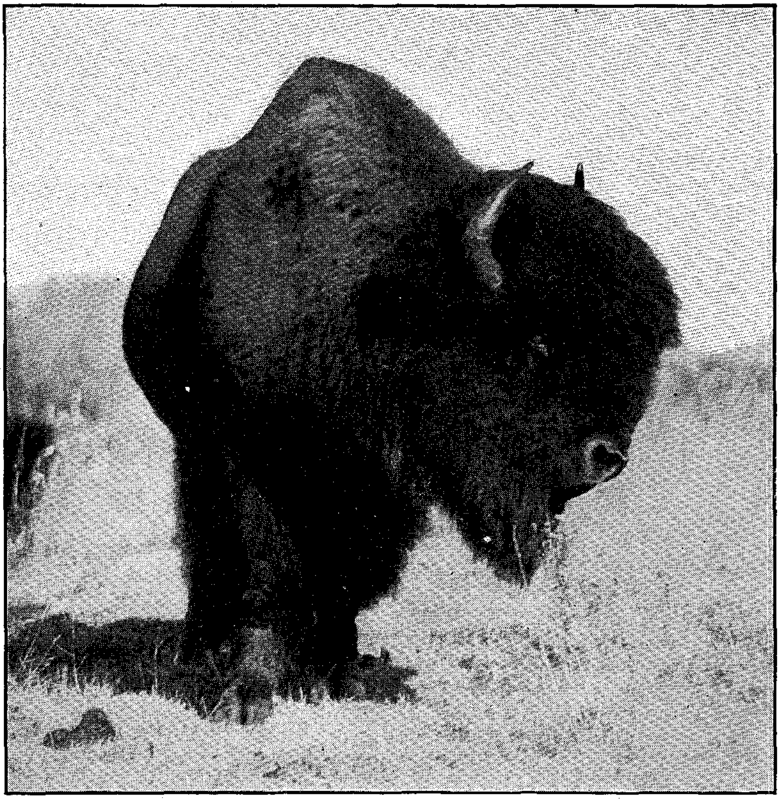
My wish, O Friend, accords with thine;
Say thou the prayer, it shall be mine.

Socrates

This, then, I ask, O thou beloved Pan,
And all ye other gods: Help, as ye can,
That I may prosper in the inner man;

Grant ye that what I have or yet may win
Of those the outer things may be akin
And constantly at peace with those within;

May I regard the wise the rich, and care
Myself for no more gold, as my earth-share,
Than he who's of an honest heart can bear.



THE SPECTATOR VISITS A BUFFALO HERD

IT was the morning after the close of the recent Sportsmen's Show in Boston, and the Spectator entered the main hall of the Mechanics' Building to watch the removal of the animals which had been on exhibition, and which were now to be returned to their respective homes. A man clad in light corduroy had just entered a pen containing elk, which he intended to remove in separate crates, one of which was even then at the door of the pen. There were three animals in the inclosure, two does and a superb stag, as large as a horse and crowned with massive, pointed antlers. This creature was evidently in a bad temper. He had been in close confinement for three weeks, and now the presence of the man seemed to make him furious. He strode up and down, held his head high in the air, turned back his lips, and ground his teeth until the sound could be heard all over the large hall. Suddenly there was a chorus of "Ohs" from the crowd about the pen as the big brute sprang forward and with almost incredible speed struck out with both fore feet. Quick as he was, the man was quicker; otherwise the Spectator would have been writing some other story. And the man, smiling just as though it was not Death he had shaken hands with, prepared to throw a lariat over the horns of the angry stag. A moment later the noose left his hand and whirled in the air, but as it touched an antler the great elk flung it off, charged upon his would-be captor, and, with a scythe-like sweep of his antlers, knocked the man down and speared him through the thigh. Quick as a cat the man was on his feet again, and, though bleeding profusely, went quietly on with his work, and did not stop until not only the stag, but both the does, were safe in the crates and ready to put on the cars. Then, after giving orders concerning the shipment of some other animals, he allowed himself to be taken to a surgeon.

WILL MORRISON AND SOME OF HIS CHARGES

The Spectator was interested. Here was a man who took risks as other men took oatmeal for their breakfast, and who juggled with his life as if he had a dozen more in reserve.

"Who is he?" was asked of the man left in charge of the work.

"Why, that's Will Morrison, of Corbin Park—the Corbin buffalo man some people call him, because he's had charge of the Corbin herd for sixteen years, and is said to know more about the breeding and handling of buffaloes than any other man alive."

"Why, how many buffaloes are there at Corbin Park?"

"Don't know; biggest herd in the country, anyhow; Morrison could have told you all about it."

One bright, frosty afternoon, not long after the above conversation, the Spectator alighted at the little railway station at Newport, New Hampshire, and, declining the assistance of the hackmen, started on the six-mile walk to Corbin Park to have a chat with "the Corbin buffalo man." After leaving the busy little town, the road stretched northward through flattish country covered with spotless snow, but far in front there loomed up a range of forested mountains. The sleighing was excellent, and the Spectator had not walked more than a mile when the rapid jingling of bells in the rear announced the approach of a sleigh, evidently drawn by a fast-trotting horse. As it drew near, a glance behind revealed a great brown stallion fairly flinging the road behind him, and through the shower of snow which mingled with the flying mane and tail could be seen the form of the driver. The latter reined in his splendid horse with a steady pull, and a broad Scotch voice asked, "Will ye ride?" It was Will Morrison, the "buffalo man" himself.

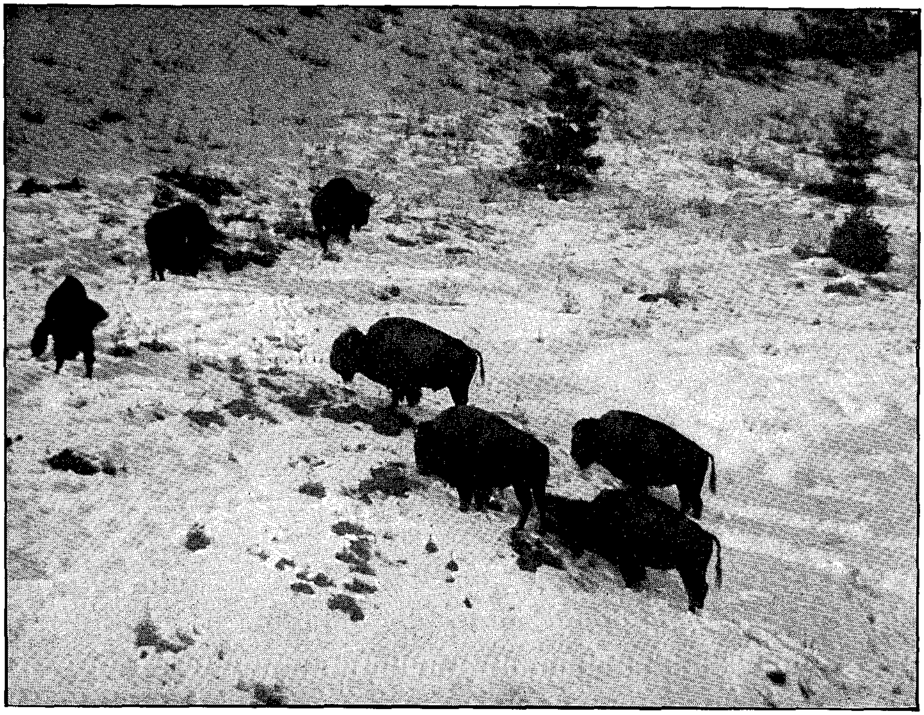
The invitation was promptly accepted, and the Spectator, pulling one end of a heavy sleigh-robe over his knees, found himself snatched along beside the very man he had come to see.

On learning that he himself was the special object of the visit, Morrison was highly amused, but promised all possible information concerning the game preserve in general and the buffalo herd in particular. The line of mountains we saw in front of us were for the most part in Corbin Park, he said, and were a part of the twenty-four thousand acres inclosed by a thirty-mile fence. The preserve contained, besides the great buffalo herd, large numbers of Virginia deer, elk, wild boar, and some moose. The deer and the moose got their own living the year round, but the buffalo, elk, and boar required feeding in the winter. In answer to an inquiry as to whether the animals did not become too numerous, Morrison said that they were never allowed to; that the deer and elk and boar were thinned out regularly every fall and winter. Last winter over two hundred deer were taken out, some alive for the restocking of other preserves and others dead for the market. It had not been necessary to take out more than half that number this year, but nearly a hundred elk and almost as many boar had been shipped away.

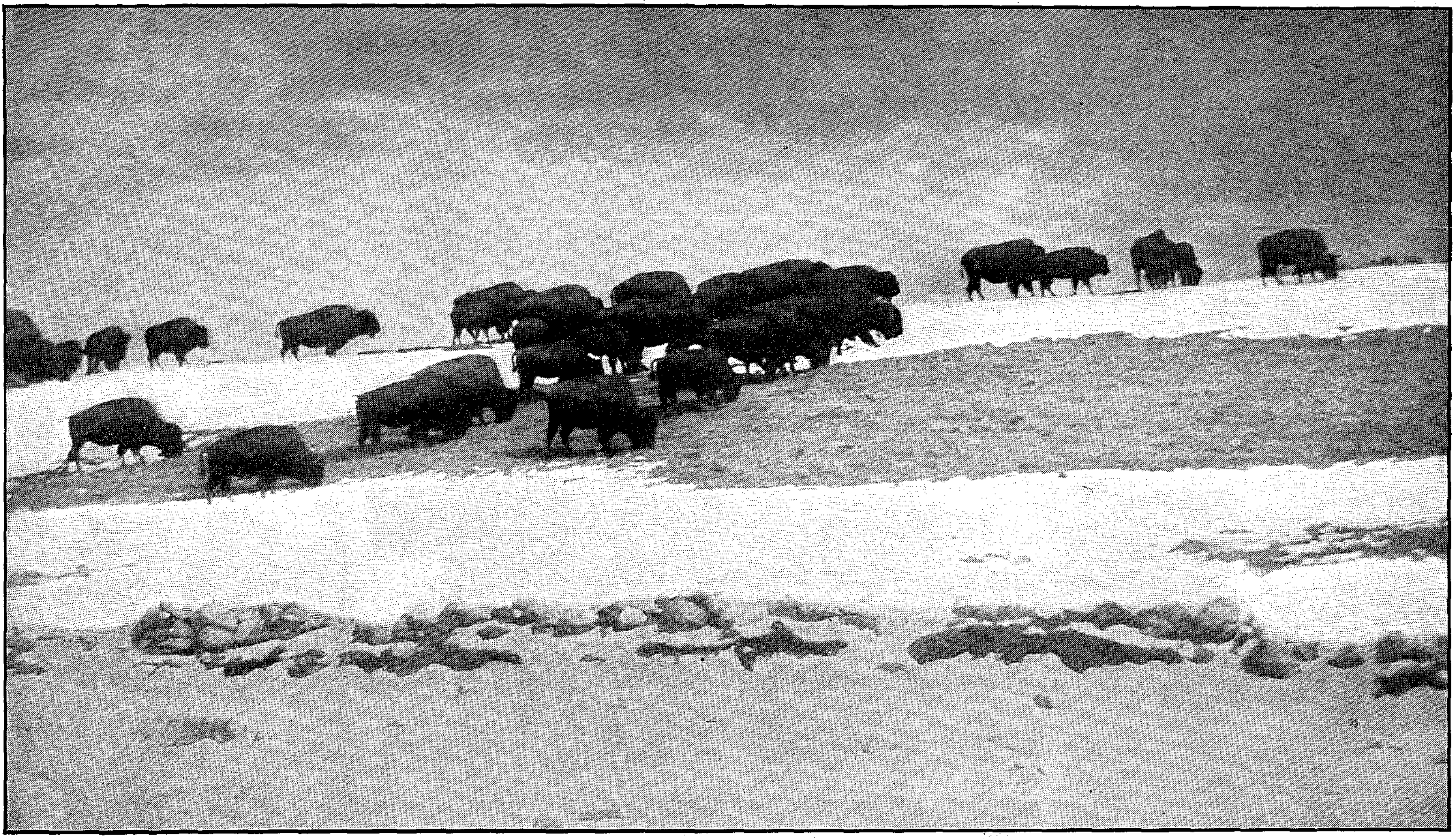
The brown stallion was now making good time over a woodland road, which ran along a hillside, from which were caught occasional glimpses of the park. Great stretches of evergreen forest, alternating with belts of hardwood, doubtless marked the hiding-places of thousands of wild creatures which found a home in the great preserve, while broad snow-fields on the mountain sides showed where the buffaloes would find good grazing in the spring.

Another mile through a shower of hoof-tossed snow, and presently the big horse swung round a bend in the lane and stopped before a tall gate, and from a sign above it concerning hunting and fishing, and signed "Austin Corbin," the Spectator knew that he had arrived. Morrison opened the gate, and presently drove along a road which traversed a large amphitheater of meadow land, surrounded by woods. The road itself was bordered by an avenue of young white pines, and at the end of this there was seen a neat red building, long and low, from whose chimneys white smoke curled cheerfully against the dark mountains which rose behind. Beyond the house were many buildings, including an immense barn, all in perfect order and painted red like the house. The whole place bore the stamp of order and good management.

Morrison put up his horse, quickly changed his coat for one of light corduroy, and invited the Spectator to go with him and get an idea of his evening's work. This work consisted chiefly in feeding the animals under his care. Scarcely had our footsteps sounded on the floor of the barn than from a dozen directions came expectant voices—the whinnying of horses, the lowing of cows,



FEEDING



THE HERD IN WINTER

the bleating of sheep and goats, and the whining of puppy dogs. And, with a kindly smile on his bronzed face, Morrison went from stall to stall, from pen to pen, distributing, besides the welcome food, a gentle word, a pat, or a stroke to each of his many charges. And over each he ran his experienced eye, noting at once the least thing wrong. Here a horse had received a scratch which needed and received attention; there a goat was not getting her fair share of food, and was quickly lifted into another pen where there was less competition. He knew each individual animal by sight, and most of them by names he had given them. And they knew the man, and trusted him. Not one was there that was nervous in his presence; not one that would not allow him to handle it as he pleased.

This work was about finished when a man was seen filling a sack at one of the corn-bins.

"Hello, Charley! Going to feed the boar?" cried Morrison; and on receiving an affirmative answer, he inquired if the Spectator would not like to go into the woods and see how the wild boar were fed in winter. The Spectator being willing, snow-shoes were produced, and the party set out. After passing through a well-wooded inclosure known as Number 4, which contains several acres and which is used to hold elk and other animals intended to be shipped alive, the main park was reached, and Charley led the way to the feeding-grounds.

The latter were not far away, for presently the guide turned from the trail and entered a bit of dense spruce woodland entirely clear of undergrowth. The snow on the floor of this woodland was beaten down hard, by wild boars, it was presently explained. Charley now threw down his sack and began to distribute his corn; and he did so after the manner of a sower, strewing it far and wide, a handful at a time. Asked why he scattered it thus, he answered that this method assured all the animals an equal chance and gave them exercise which they needed and which they would not get if they found the grain in heaps.

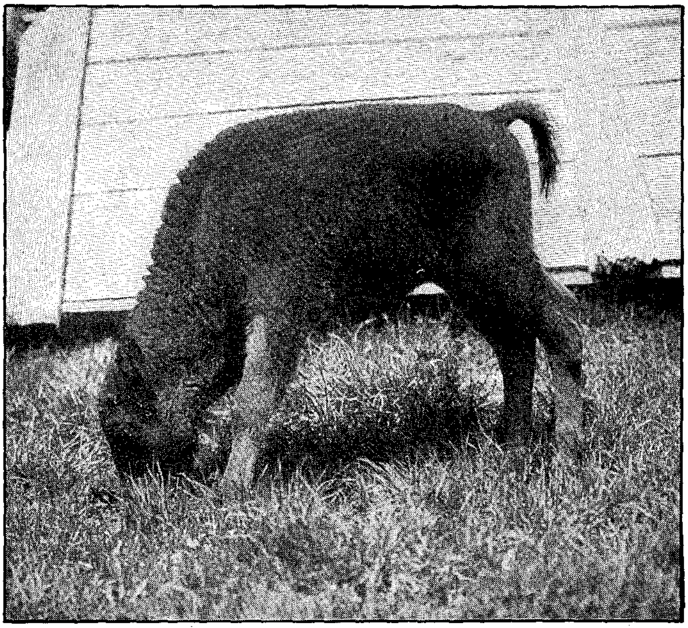
It was now getting dusk, and as Charley told us that the boar would soon be coming in, we decided to wait and watch them. Each member of the party crouched behind the trunk of a big spruce, near the outskirts of the woodland. The Spectator had picked out a splendid tree for this purpose, but Morrison suggested that as it was on the windward side of the feeding-ground, the boar would starve to death before they would venture in with the human odor in their nostrils. So there was nothing to do but move to another tree on the side away from the wind.

After watching for perhaps ten minutes in silence, there came a grunting sound which told us that the boar were on the march. It was very much like the grunting of domestic pigs, and soon there came some vigorous squeals, as though the animals were squabbling over something. Then, as the Spectator looked off through the trees, he saw a number of boar running toward the feeding-grounds in single file. Only the upper halves of their bodies were visible, for they were coming along a deep, trenchlike trail which had been beaten in the snow during previous journeys to and from the feeding-grounds. In a moment the leaders arrived, and at once began to pick up the nearest grains of corn. Before long there were more grunts from a distance, and other herds of boar were seen coming in from different parts of the woodland. In a few minutes there were some forty animals of all sizes, running back and forth in every direction, picking up the corn as if they were doing it on a wager. There was nothing slow about these pigs; they were active, muscular beasts, apparently full of health, and ready at an instant's notice either to fight or to run for their lives. They were of all ages—some small, and evidently born last spring, for they still bore traces of the stripes which, Morrison said, were characteristic of young wild boars, and others huge gray, hairy brutes, weighing perhaps two hundred and fifty pounds, and with gleaming white tusks, the sight of which made the Spectator glad that he was near a tree. Every pig of the lot was absorbed with his interesting occupation of gobbling up the scattered corn, when suddenly the wind changed for a moment and blew from behind us directly over the feeding-ground. Instantly a dozen of the animals started as if bullets had struck them. Then, after an almost imperceptible pause, there came a storm of disgusted "whoofs" which sounded as though the pigs were attempting to blow from their nostrils the obnoxious odor with which they had been offended, and the next instant a few savage, rolling grunts set the whole herd in rapid motion, and they fled for life along their deeply beaten snow-paths leading to the deeper recesses of the forest.

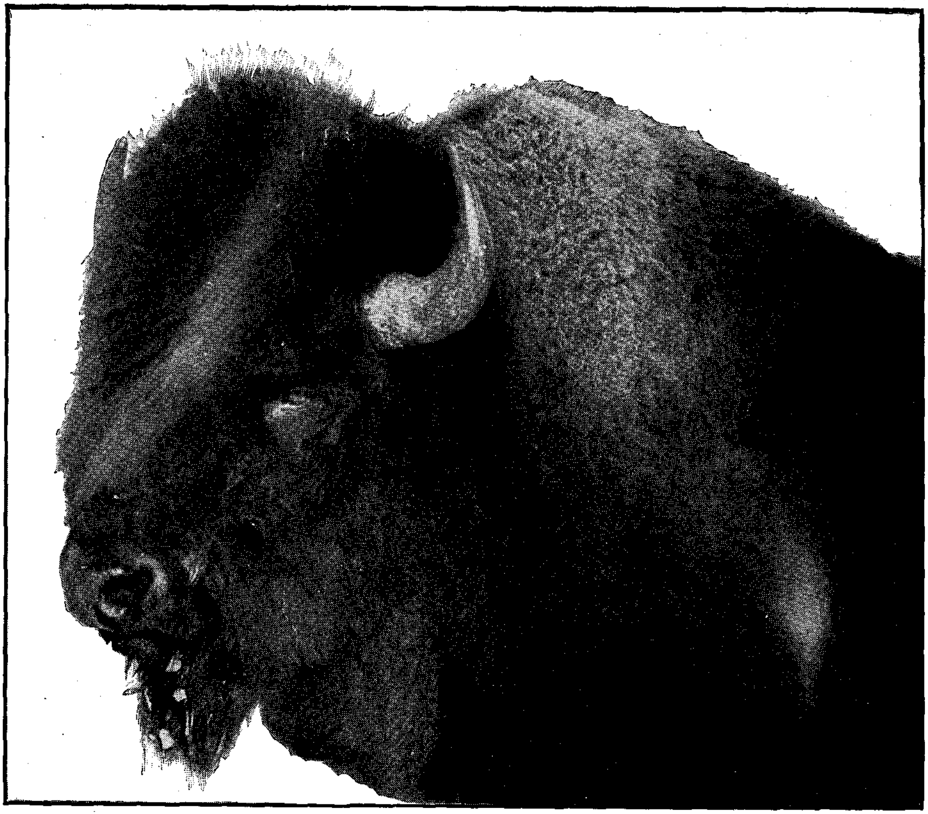
It was now too dark to think of seeing the buffaloes, so the Spectator accepted an invitation to stay all night at the low red building, which, with the ground which surrounds it, is known as "Central Station." After supper he was shown into a neat, clean little room by the housekeeper, who first, however, showed him with pride the room which had been occupied by President Roosevelt when he visited the park some years ago.

After an early breakfast, Morrison led the way to the buffalo yards, where his special charges spend the winter months. Down a narrow lane we went, until, rounding a turn, we saw a high and heavy wooden gate; it barred the entrance to the first of the buffalo yards. As the Spectator approached it he saw a group of perhaps a score of brown creatures which reminded him more or less of domestic calves, except that they had longer horns, longer hair, shorter necks, and a much greater appearance of strength and vigor. As the gate was opened these creatures stared very hard for a moment, then threw their short tails in the air, and galloped like mad to the farther end of the inclosure, where they turned and stared as before.

"Those," said Morrison, "are the babies. They're only ten months old." Then to the buffalo calves, "Hello, bossies, d'ye want some hay?" And, going to the door of a shed, he took out an armful, clean and sweet-scented, and in a moment the youngsters had surrounded him and were eating from his hands. The Spectator asked to be allowed to feed them too, but when he held out the hay the calves backed up and stood in a circle about three feet off, eying him with suspicion. He advanced a foot, but they retreated about as much, and it was only after ten minutes of patient waiting that two or three of the boldest calves consented to thrust their hairy little faces forward and take a mouthful of the food held out to them.



A YOUNGSTER



A PATRIARCH

Splendid, healthy-looking, bright-eyed creatures, these—every movement full of rugged character; nervous enough to stampede if necessary, but apparently not vicious in the least. Morrison threw them some more hay and led the way to the next yard.

Here, evidently, were the grown-up buffaloes, but the Spectator was disappointed. There were about fifty—splendid animals all of them—but they were not what the Spectator had pictured to himself as the former lords of the prairies. Perhaps, after all, the great size and grandeur of the buffalo had been exaggerated, and he was simply paying for his credulity with disappointment. With half an apology he asked if these were the largest animals in the herd, and it was with considerable relief that he learned that this yard contained nothing but young stock, and that there were larger animals to see.

In the next yard the Spectator saw what his fancy had painted, and more, for there he found buffaloes like those he had read about—like those old plainsmen had told him of; only he felt that none of the descriptions had done the animals justice. Here was grandeur difficult to describe in words—grandeur which depended not wholly upon the form and bearing of the kingly beasts themselves, but partly on what they stand for. These were not merely animals: they were living, moving pictures from the pages of early American history. The Indians who hunted them, and whose lives depended on them; the pioneers, whose tasks would often have proved insurmountable but for the presence of the great wild ox; the early settlers, whose hard lives would have been harder still but for the buffalo—all these have passed away forever; yet this great picturesque figure still remains—in small numbers, to be sure—a valuable aid to the study of the history of those early times.

As the Spectator watched the giant

forms before him the fences seemed to fade away; Morrison and all connected with Corbin Park were for the time forgotten, and in place of the buffalo yards he saw in imagination a limitless prairie, rich brown as far as the eye could reach with a myriad marching buffalo. Hundreds of thousands there were in sight, and millions, perhaps, beyond. The scene changed, and the Spectator stood in front of the great medicine tent in a Mandan Indian village. A band of "braves" had assembled, and each, donning a mask made from the skin of a buffalo's head with the horns upon it, and taking a bow or spear in his hand, joined in the weird ceremony known as the "buffalo dance," performed in order "to make the buffalo come." Then he saw the naked Indian hunters, astride the bare backs of their well-trained ponies, ride into the thick of a flying herd, shooting down the shaggy monsters in full flight, while the air was filled with the sound of rolling thunder and the earth itself trembled beneath the impact of their countless hoofs. Again the scene changed, and he saw a herd of buffalo standing in the snow, watching in calm preparedness the approach of a great gray wolf. But he saw what the buffaloes did not see—the bronzed and sinewy arm of an Indian steal from the shoulder of the wolf, and he marked the flight of the long, keen arrow as it whistled to its mark and caused the nearest bull to sink upon his knees. Once more there was a change of scene, and the white man came in hordes and camped upon the prairie, and soon the turf was soaked with blood and the air polluted with the rotting carcasses of unnumbered buffalo. The white man disappeared, and the moonlit prairie gleamed with whitened skulls and bones, practically all that was left of one of the grandest animals that ever trod the globe.

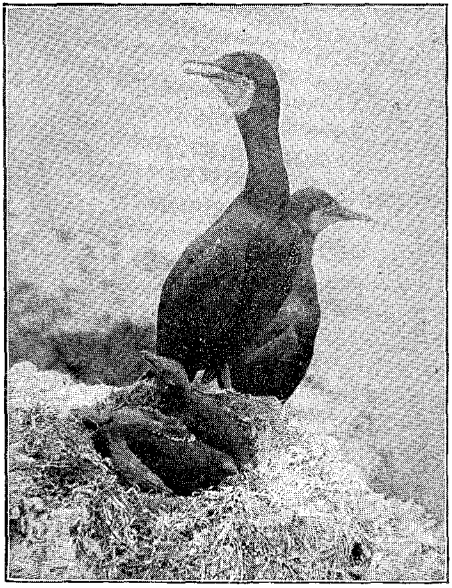
It was with a feeling of relief that the Spectator came back to the present, to see that little band of healthy, vigorous creatures. Here at least was proof positive that the buffalo was not quite a thing of the past, and a suggestion that, if action was taken promptly, the great race might yet be saved from extinction. Then came the recollection of a recent account of the organization of a society which has for its object the preservation of the buffalo. The particulars had escaped the Spectator's memory, but as he shook hands and bid Morrison good-by he asked, "Do you know anything about a society which has just been formed to save the buffalo?"

"The American Bison Society, ye mean? Well, I ken a bit. But ye see that highest peak yonder [pointing to Croydon Mountain]? Well, the secretary lives right over there at Meriden. Theodore Roosevelt's the president of it, ye ken, an' that's a gude sign. The buffalo is the grandest beast in this country, or in ony country for that matter, and he should never be allowed to dee out. And I dinna think he will dee out, if folks'll only back Roosevelt. That lad says the buffalo maun hae his due, so he maun hae it, mark ye, for the hour has come and the mon."

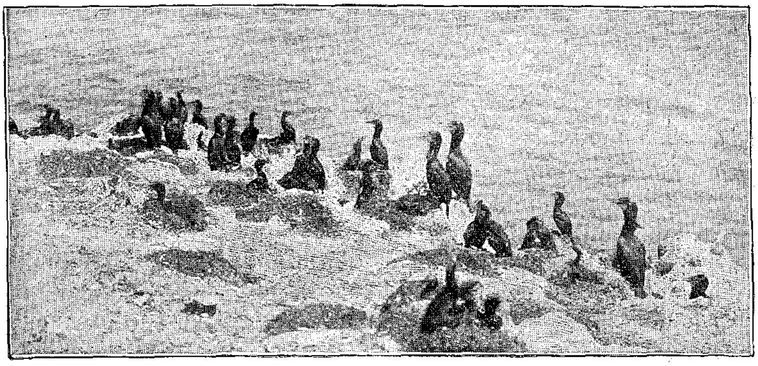
BIRDS OF THE SEA

PHOTOGRAPHS OF BIRD LIFE

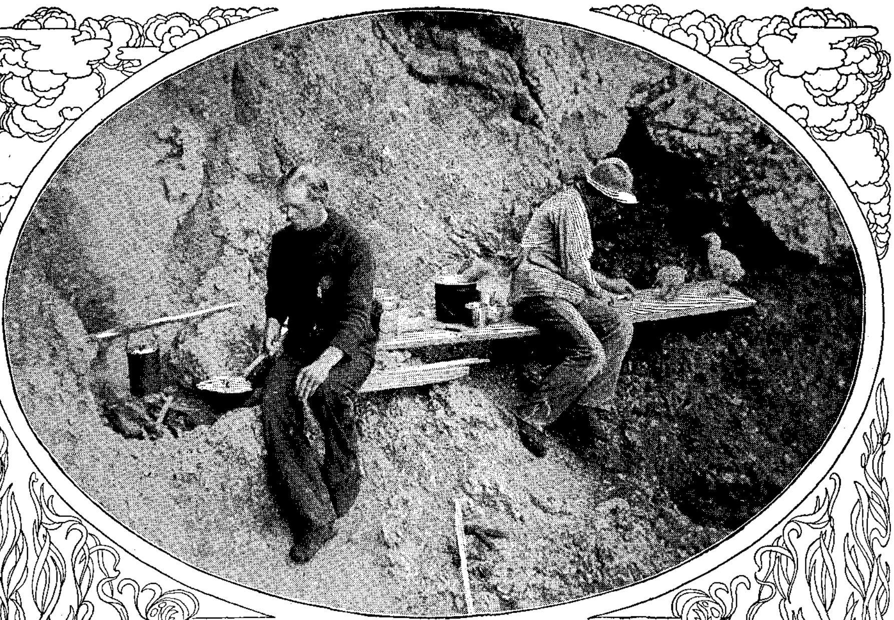
By W. L. FINLEY & H. T. BOHLMAN



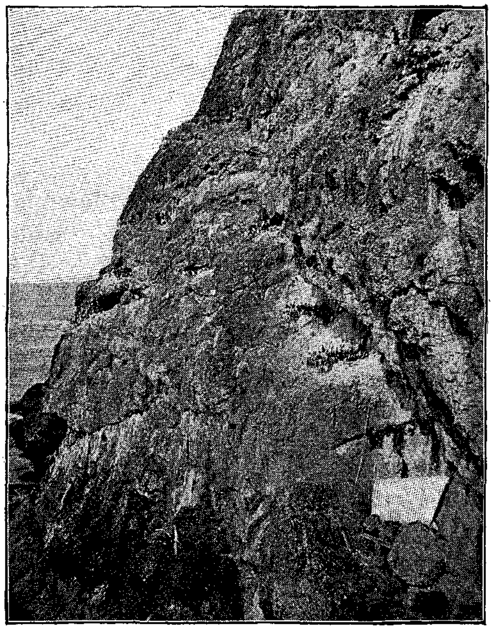
Brandt's cormorants beside nest and young. The bird is commonly known as a "shag."



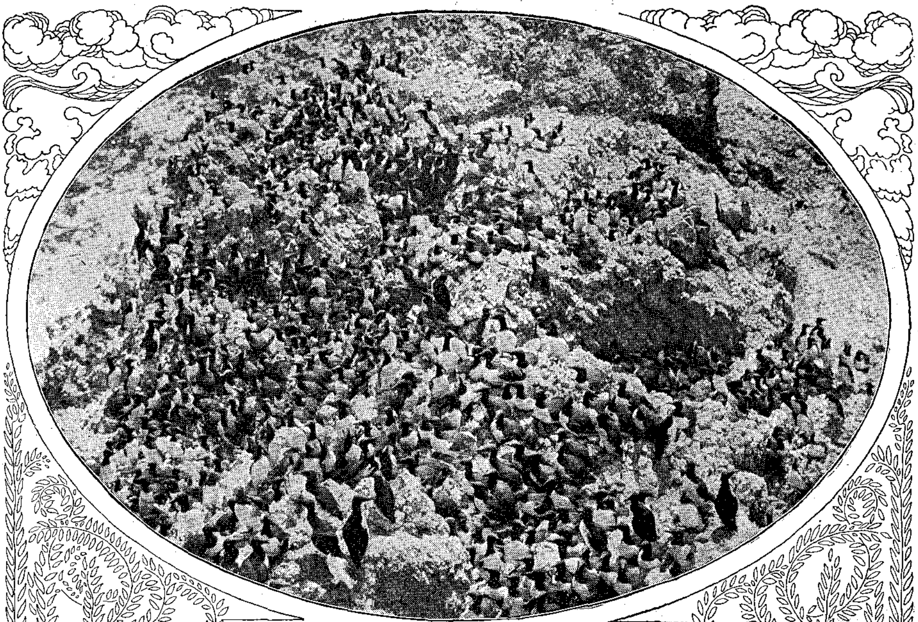
Small group of Brandt's cormorants or shags. A large colony of 400 of these birds nested on the top ridge of the rocks.



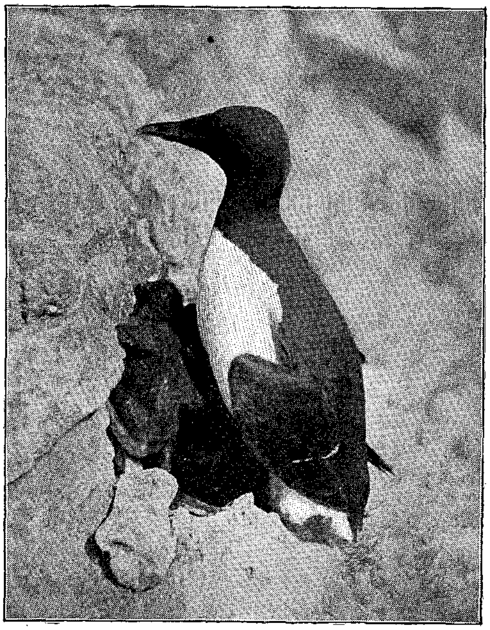
Mr. Bohlman and Mr. Finley in camp on a narrow ledge of ock. They were compelled to take an abundance of fuel, water,and provisions as a safeguard against beingstorm-bound on the rock. The young gulls on the ledge soon became as tame as chickens and were fed the scraps from the table.



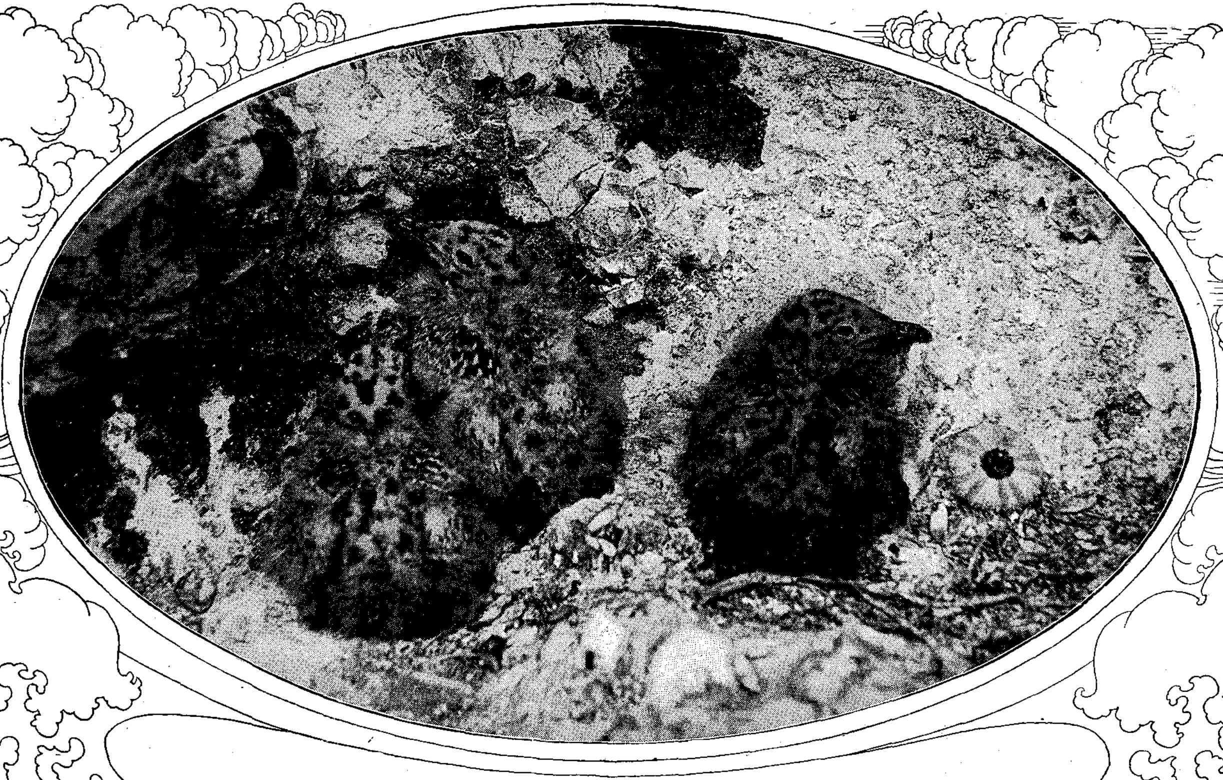
A general view of the side of the outer rock where Mr. Finley and Mr. Bohlman camped for five days. Their tent is shown on a ledge in the lower corner. Several times every day they made the perilous trip along the ledges among the great rookeries of murres and cormorants, up to the top of the rock.



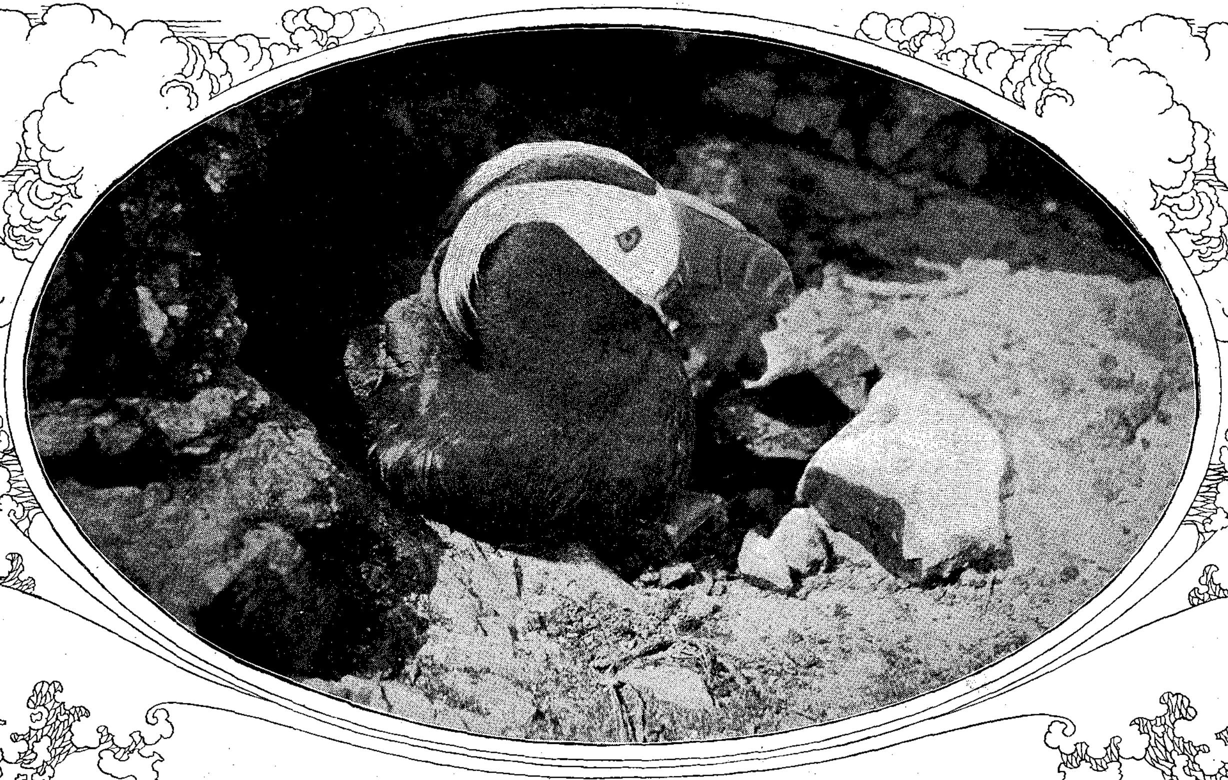
A colony of murres or guillemots. The birds make no sign of a nest but lay their single pear-shaped egg on the bare rock. Eggs are so thick that one can hardly step without treading on them. Immense numbers of the eggs were formerly collected and sold in San Francisco markets for cooking purposes; to save the birds from extermination the Government stopped the traffic a few years ago.



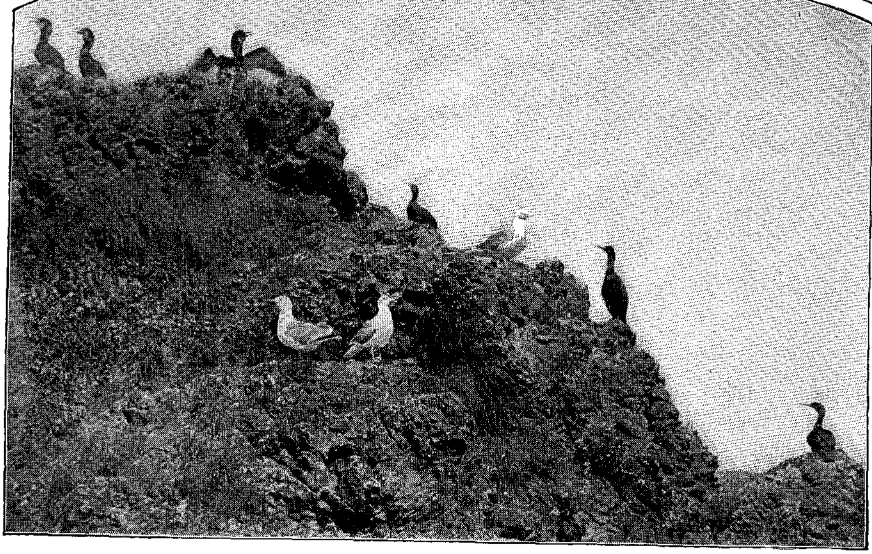
A California murre. The bird remained while the photographer was within four feet of her. Each bird is the mother of but one chick, but two or three neighboring young birds had crawled under this one for protection.



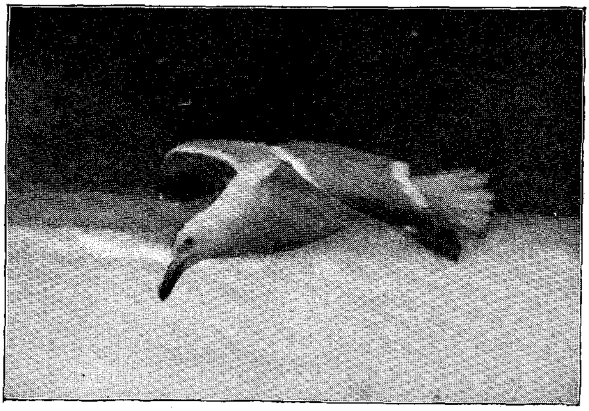
Mottled young sea gulls crouching down and hiding against the gray rock at the approach of a stranger. The colors in birds and rocks blend so well that the eye often fails to detect the presence of the young birds.



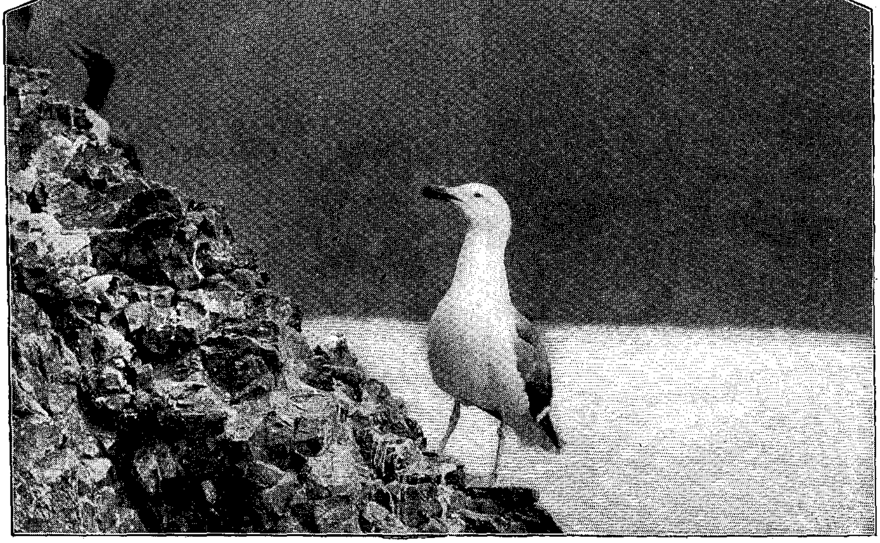
Tufted puffin or "sea-parrot" at the mouth of its nesting burrow. These birds nest in burrows underground and in crevices of the rocks The striking red-colored bill and the long yellow curls of the creature make it look as much like a beast as a bird.



Gulls and cormorants nesting on the pinnacle of the rock. The gulls are great robbers. The instant a cormorant's nest is left unguarded a gull swoops down to eat the eggs and young birds just hatched. Unless scared from the nest by the presence of a person, a cormorant or murre never leaves its home unguarded.

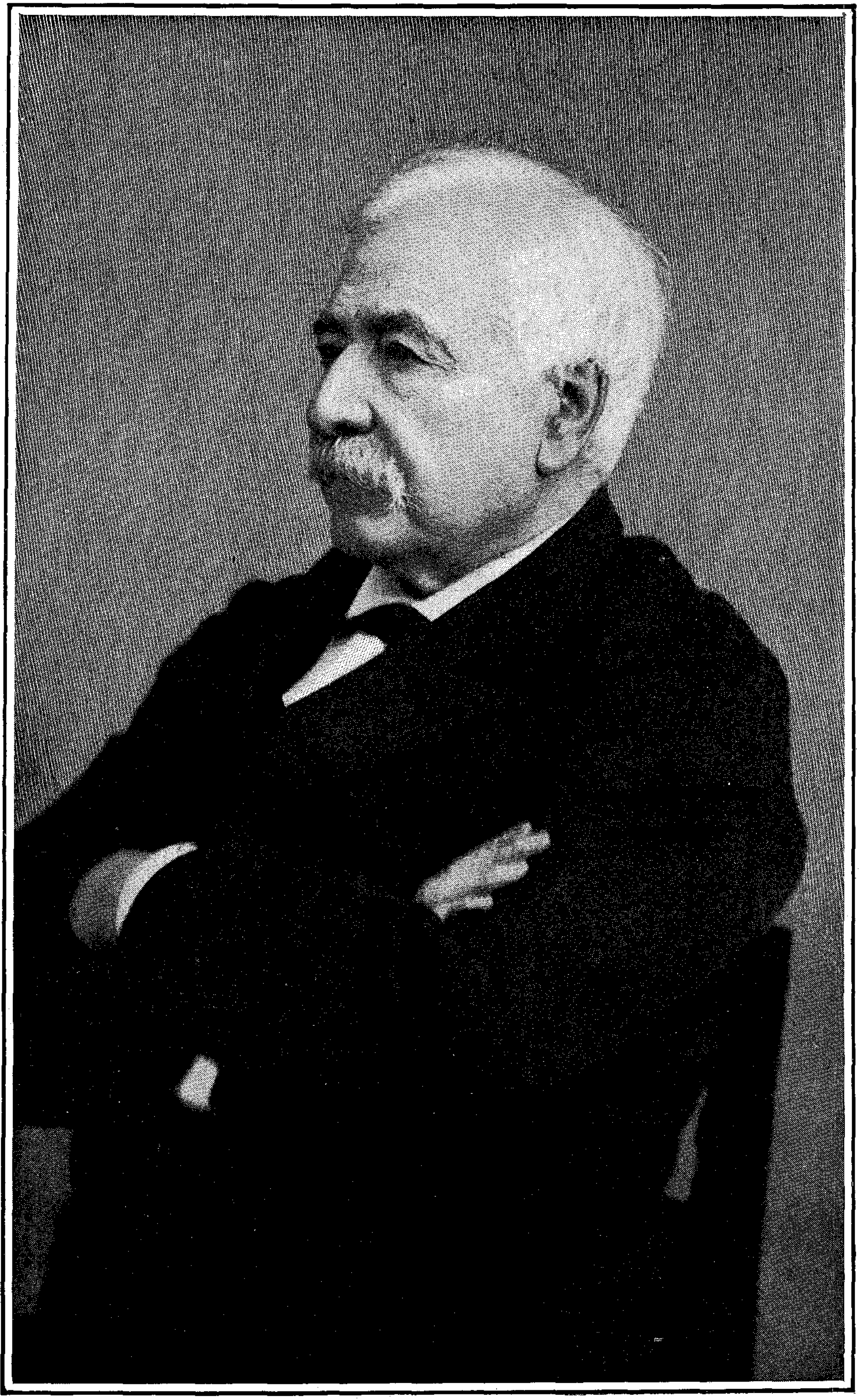


A gull floating straight in the teeth of the wind. The secret of the motion is in the downward posture of the body and the curving slope of the wings to catch the wind coming from straight ahead.



The western gull. The picture, which was taken with the telephoto lens, shows a murre above, and the shore line and mountains in the distance. The gull is a bird of great economic importance as a scavenger about the harbors of our coast cities.

A gull rising in the air. These birds are masters of flight; there is a constant adjustment of wings and tail to meet every current of air, yet they seem at times to stand motionless or tack straight against the wind without the slightest movement.



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FERDINAND DE LESSEPS

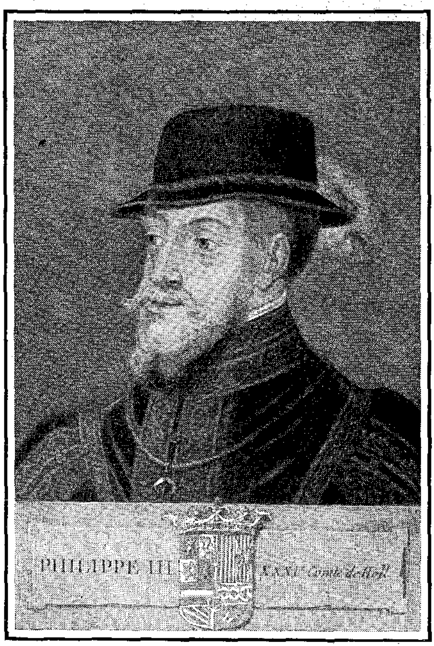
THE PANAMA CANAL

History—Conditions—Prospects

BY JOHN FOSTER CARR

First Paper

LUSTING after gold and adventure, the explorers of the sixteenth century eagerly scoured the seas of the western Atlantic, and searched the rivers and bays of America for the shorter course to the Indies. The Northwest Passage was a universal dream, and for nearly two centuries life and treasure were squandered in its vain quest. Yet undauntedly the Spaniards took up the splendid alternative of a canal across the Isthmus almost as soon as Balboa, with the young Pizarro, had clambered up the jungle-covered heights of a Darien peak and discovered the Pacific. Angel Saavedra, a galleon's captain, or a man of arms—for the tales differ—in 1520 made the first suggestion to pierce the Isthmus. Soon afterwards Cortez had Tehuantepec surveyed for a canal. Nicaragua found its first advocate in an Alvaredo in 1535, and it was in 1551 that Lopez de Gomara first talked of the advantages of Panama. His eloquence finally moved the heavy-jawed and morose Philip of Spain to send two Flemish engineers to examine the Isthmus. Charles V. found time from his wars and imperial intrigues to study the project; but he soon grew wearied and disgusted over the impossible task, and threatened death to the man who should again speak of it.



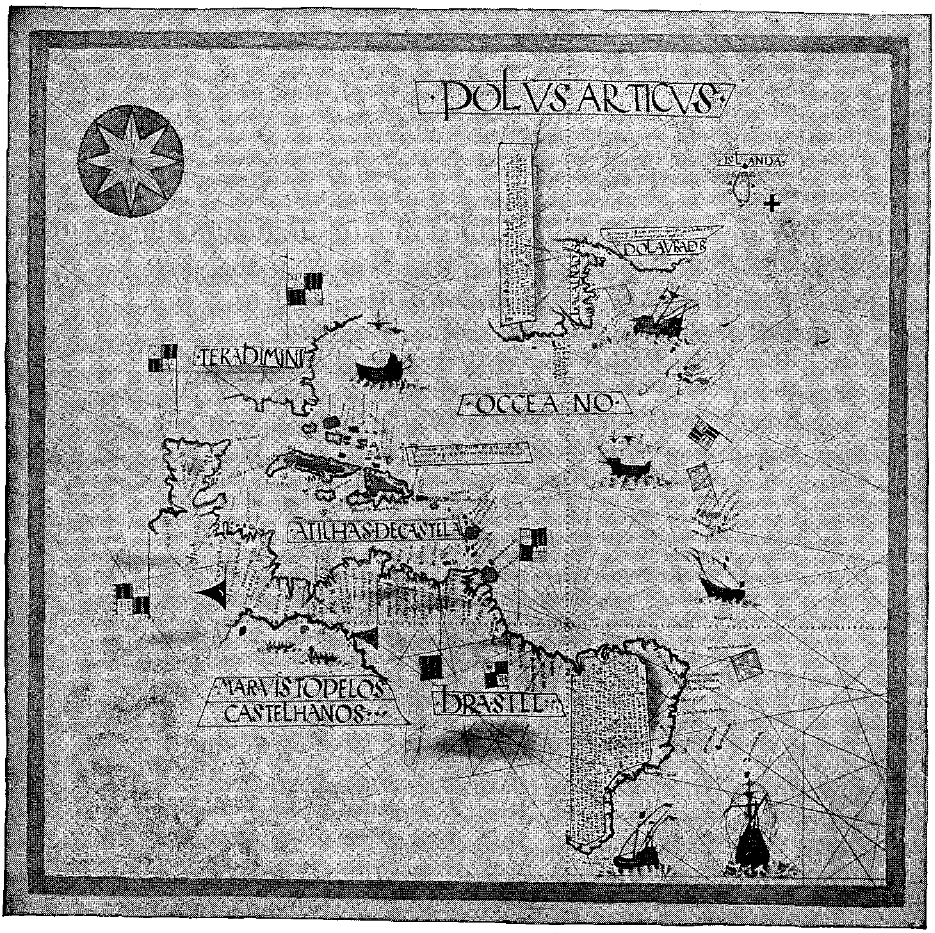
PHILIP II. OF SPAIN

From an engraving after the painting by Titian

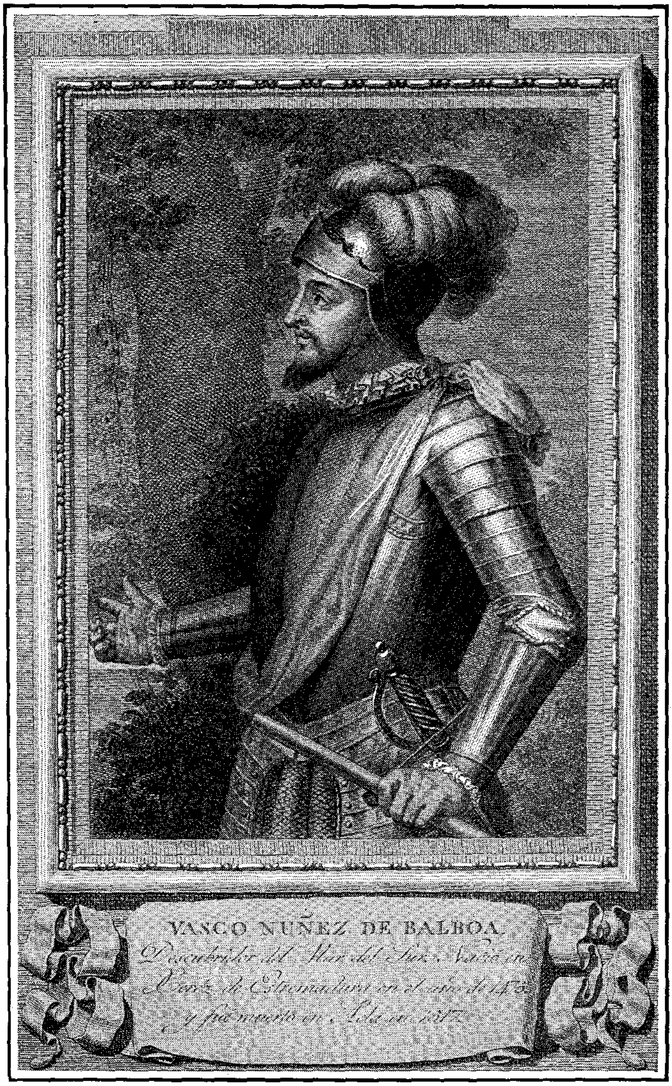
Balboa had his ship carried spar by spar through the matted forest and over the divide, and for more than three hundred years the plundered gold of Peru and the spoil of commerce were borne on mule-back to Porto Bello or over the paved Cruces road to the Chagres. But before the final destruction of her empire Spain again grappled with the problem which only the pyramid-builders could have solved without modern machinery. In the winter of 1814 the Cortes ordered work begun on Tehuantepec; again a survey was made, but the scheme died out in an unused concession. The French interest in a canal dates back to the early forties, when Garella reported to Paris a well-developed plan. Again the project was actively discussed, and the proposed routes multiplied until there were seven of them. The last of the princes in the list, the futile Louis Napoleon, in exile at Ham, meditated a grandiose scheme for an Isthmian waterway to which his Imperial name should be given.

Practical beginnings of work at Panama were made in the brief, businesslike surveys of the young naval lieutenants Réclus and Wyse in 1876, 1877, and 1878. Upon their labors De Lesseps based his first great plan for a sea-level canal. He was a diplomat and not an engineer; but his prestige, his enthusiasm, his genius for organization, made the scheme a popular success. He had carried through the Suez project when some of the most eminent engineers of the day had said that a canal at Suez would become a stagnant ditch, that the sands of the desert would fill it, that it would be impossible to keep open its entrances, that labor sufficient could never be found. But M. de Lesseps appealed to the pride of France in those excited days of '81. He became the idol of the nation, and over two hundred thousand people, men and women of every class, rushed to subscribe to his scheme.

Never since the days of the South Sea Company had there been such a national frenzy of speculation. Again the un-

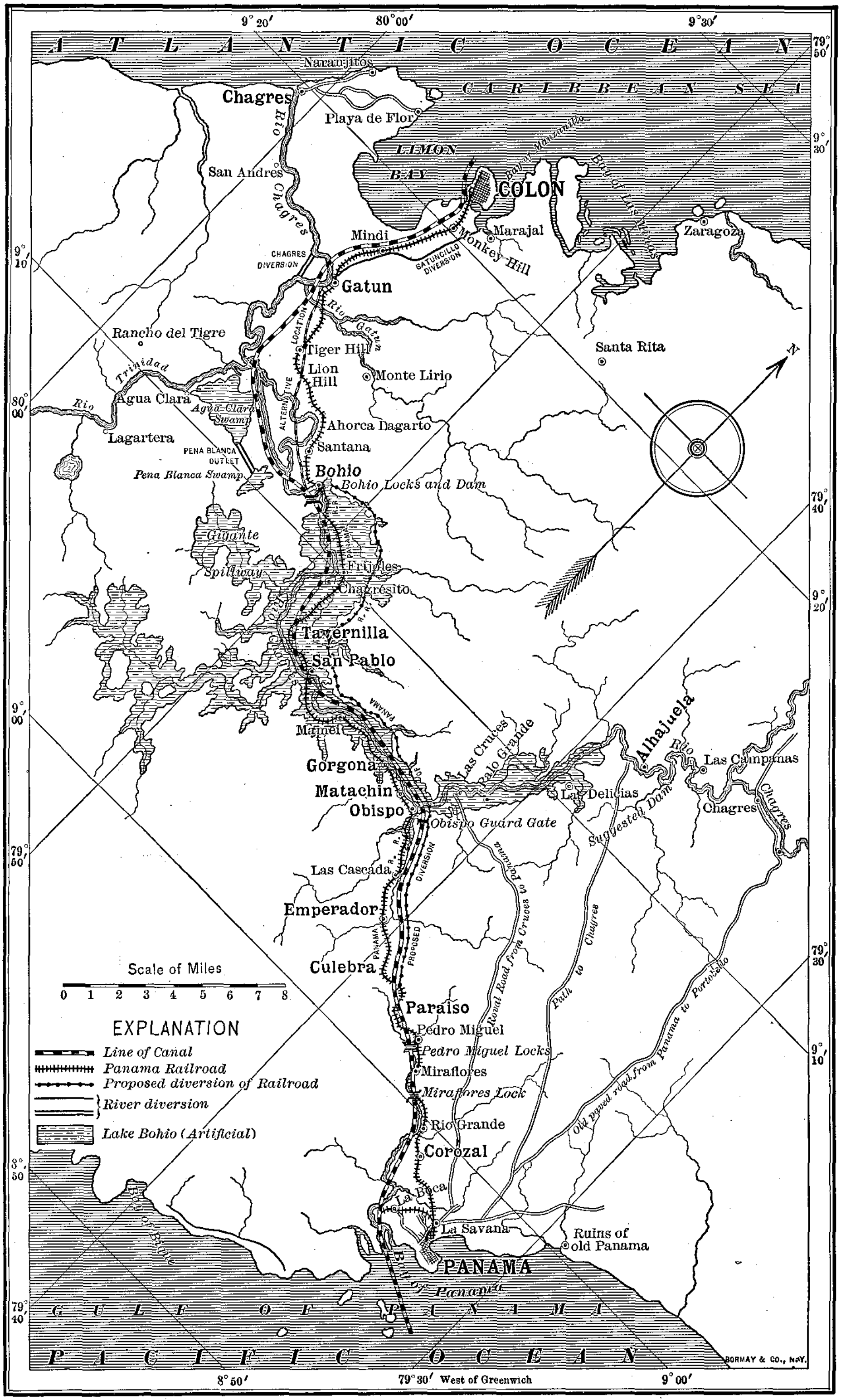


THE ISTHMUS ACCORDING TO A SPANISH MAP OF ABOUT 1520



BALBOA
The Discoverer of the Pacific

known wealth of Spanish America was the bait, and it is said that, in the end, securities amounting to a face value of nearly $440,000,000 were sold. An old French engineer in Panama has told me the story of the failure of De Lesseps. Neither yellow fever nor engineering difficulties prevented his success; it was thievery and "graft." During the eight years when work was being done on the Isthmus there was an orgy of extravagance in Paris. The bankers seized upon perhaps half of their subscriptions, Senators and Deputies had to be bought by the dozen, contractors and manufacturers with influence made great fortunes, and the blackmailing press grew rich with bribes. Work stopped in 1889, and again the days of the South Sea Bubble were recalled; for the crash of the Canal Company beggared tens of thousands and brought a crisis in the nation. The Ministry resigned, ten Senators and Deputies were directly inculpated, suicides and arrests became the order of the day. Men said that Prince Victor was in Paris. Royalist plotters were busy about the Duc d'Orléans. But the

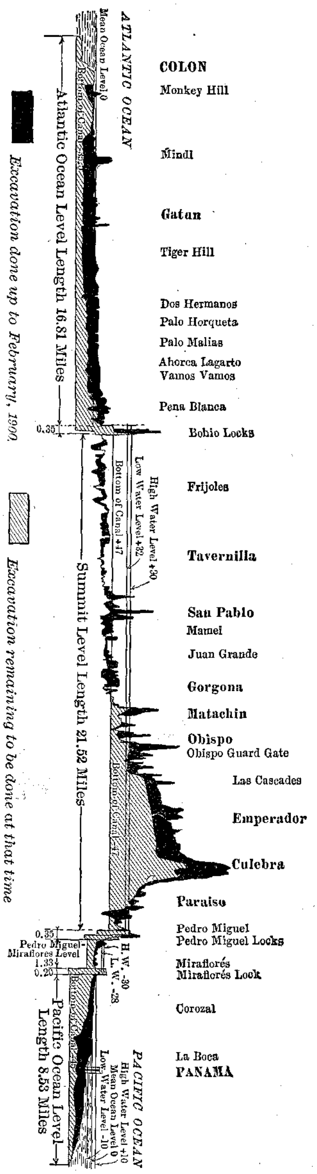

ATLANTIC OCEAN
CARIBBEAN SEA
LIMON BAY
Bay of Manzanillo
Bay of Las Minas
Naranjitos
Chagres
Playa de Flor
COLON
Rio Chagres
San Andres
Mindi
Marajal
Monkey Hill
Zaragoza
CHAGRES DIVERSION
GATUNCILLO DIVERSION
Gatun
Rio Gatun
Rancho del Tigre
Tiger Hill
Lion Hill
Monte Lirio
Santa Rita
N
Trinidad
Rio
Agua Clara
Agua Clara Swamp
Lagartera
ALTERNATIVE LOCATION
Ahorca Dagarto
Santana
PENA BLANCA OUTLET
Pena Blanca Swamp
Bohio
Bohio Locks and Dam
Gigante
Spillway
Frijoles
Chagresito
PANAMA R. R.
Tavernilla
San Pablo
Mamei
Gorgona
Matachin
Obispo
Las Cruces
Palo Grande
Alhajuela
Rio
Las Campanas
Las Delicias
Chagres
Obispo Guard Gate
Suggested Dam
Las Cascada
DIVERSION
Emperador
Royal Road from Cruces to Panama
Path to Chagres
PROPOSED
Culebra
Paraiso
Pedro Miguel
Pedro Miguel Locks
Miraflores
Miraflores Lock
Rio Grande
Corozal
Old paved road from Panama to Portobello
La Boca
La Savana
Ruins of old Panama
PANAMA
Bay of Panama
Rio Bique
GULF OF PANAMA
PACIFIC OCEAN
Scale of Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
EXPLANATION
Line of Canal
Panama Railroad
Proposed diversion of Railroad
River diversion
Lake Bohio (Artificial)
9° 20′
80° 00′
9° 30′
79° 50′
9° 30′
9° 10′
80° 00′
79° 40′
9° 20′
9° 00′
79° 50′
79° 30′
9° 10′
8° 50′
79° 40′
8° 50′
79° 30′ West of Greenwich
9° 00′
BORMAY & CO., N.Y.

THE ROUTE OF THE CANAL

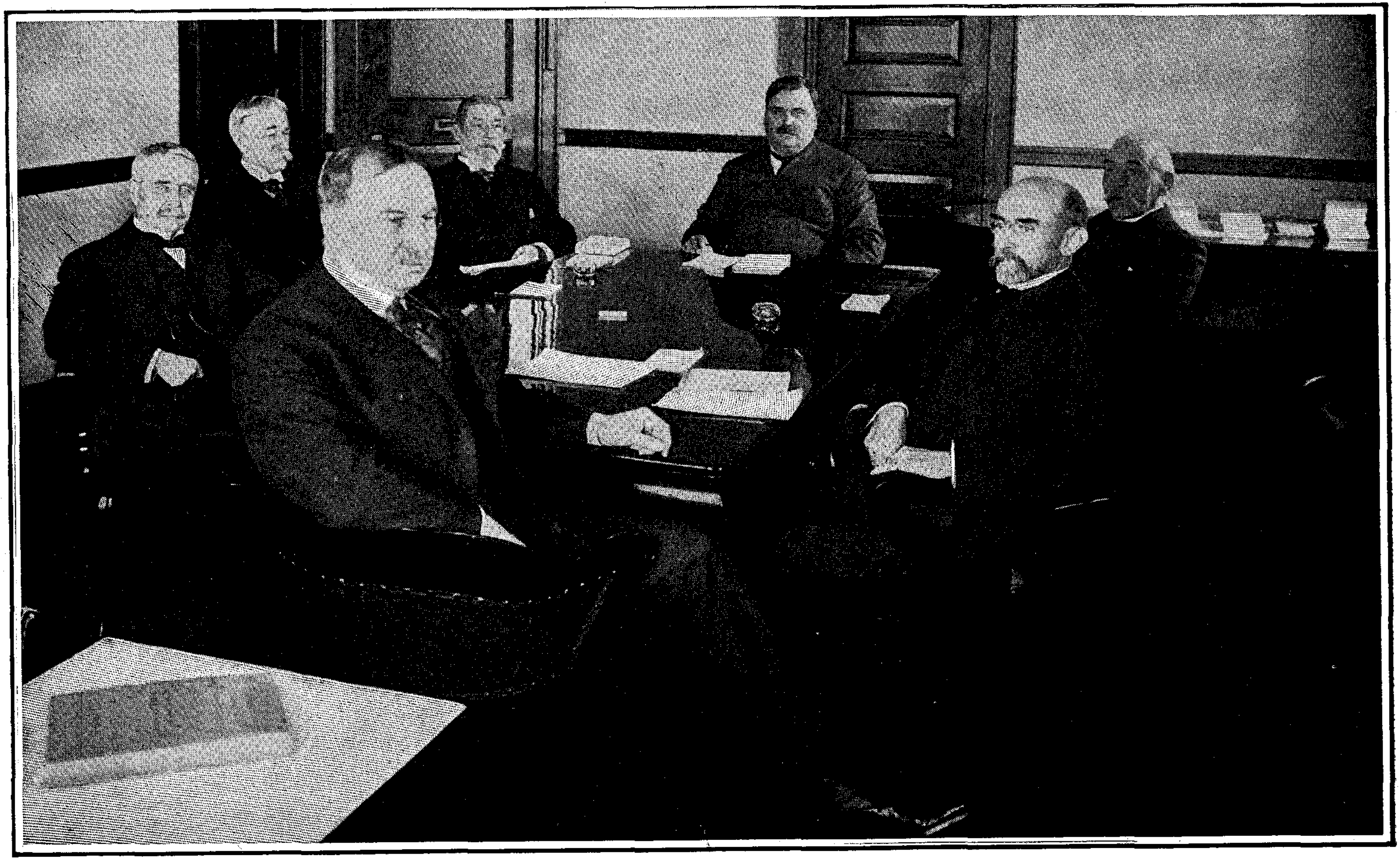
According to the plan recommended by the Isthmian Canal Commission of 1899-1901, and inferentially adopted by Congress in the Act approved June 28, 1902. This plan is for a lock canal at an 85-ft. level storm died down in protracted investigations, and a number of the responsible promoters, under promise of immunity from prosecution, were allowed to reorganize the company on condition of raising a capital of $12,000,000 to proceed with the work. Henceforth economy reigned; plans were carefully restudied; energies were concentrated on the mountain of Culebra. But the confidence of the peasant investors of France was definitely lost, and it was seen to be impossible to charm another hundred millions from their pockets. Progress became fitful, until, with the exhaustion of financial supplies, it ceased altogether, and the only hope of the company lay in selling outright to the United States.

A dozen different Colombian interests—patriotic, speculative, corrupt—conspired to defeat the Hay-Herran treaty. When the news of its rejection came, the whole Isthmus was thrown into despair. Radical measures were needed or Panama would lose its long-promised prosperity; and the revolution of 1903 was soon being plotted by the notables of the city as they met in each other's houses over the savory *sancocho* stew. There were a few men of character and standing to head it, and they had the help of as fine a band of whispering conspirators and professional revolutionists—some of them Americans—as ever strode the boards of comic opera.

Dr. Amador, who became the first President of the fledgling republic, was sent to New York on a mysterious mission. His first cable message was the word "Disappointed;" his second, before his return, "Hopes." The official historian of the movement, in bombastic adjectives of praise, describes the event of the final stroke. It had long been rumored that General Huertas, the commander of the Colombian garrison in Panama, was to be removed by the Government at Bogotá. He therefore became a speedy convert to the revolutionary cause. The uprising of the people was set for the 4th of November, but the arrival of a Colombian war-ship off Colon in the early morning of the 3d precipitated the great act. Four of the new detachment of generals were rash enough to cross the Isthmus alone. In the small plaza before the Cathedral, set like a stage with its palms and benches, the conspirators assembled. Twice the generals visited the barracks. "With great acuteness General Huertas took note of his critical position, and realized that, in spite of the apparent affability of his superior officers, a tremendous tempest was about to burst upon his head. Then, in a moment of sublime heroism, he resolved to execute a plan as bold as it was dangerous. He ordered a captain with a squad of thirty men to arrest the generals. He narrowly observed his army, but his orders were carried out without a hitch, and the prisoners were marched to the police station accompanied by some of the conspirators and by a part of the populace." No war game played by two college professors was ever more bloodless than this revolution, and if you sniff a doubt at the


▇ Excavation done up to February, 1909
▨ Excavation remaining to be done at that time
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Mean Ocean Level 0
Bottom of Canal -41
Atlantic Ocean Level Length 16.81 Miles
0.35
Summit Level Length 31.52 Miles
High Water Level +30
Low Water Level +82
Bottom of Canal +47
Bottom of Canal +47
0.35
Pedro Miguel-Miraflores Level
1.33
0.20
H.W. +30
L.W. +28
Bottom of Canal -45
Pacific Ocean Level Length 8.53 Miles
PACIFIC OCEAN
High Water Level +10
Mean Ocean Level 0
Low Water Level -10
COLON
Monkey Hill
Mindi
Gatun
Tiger Hill
Dos Hermanos
Palo Horqueta
Palo Malias
Ahorca Lagarto
Vamos Vamos
Pena Blanca
Bohio Locks
Frijoles
Tavernilla
San Pablo
Mamei
Juan Grande
Gorgona
Matachin
Obispo
Obispo Guard Gate
Las Cascades
Emperador
Culebra
Paraiso
Pedro Miguel
Pedro Miguel Locks
Miraflorés
Miraflorés Lock
Corozal
La Boca
PANAMA

PROFILE OF THE CANAL ON THE PLAN SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE



FROM A STEREOGRAPH BY C. L. CHESTER, COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

THE PANAMA CANAL COMMISSION

Rear-Admiral M. T. Endicott, U. S. N. Benjamin M. Harrod, C. E. Charles E. Magoon, Governor of the Canal Zone Brigadier-General O. H. Ernst, Engineer Corps
Brigadier-General P. C. Hains, U. S. A., retired Theodore P. Shonts, Chairman Joseph Bucklin Bishop, Secretary

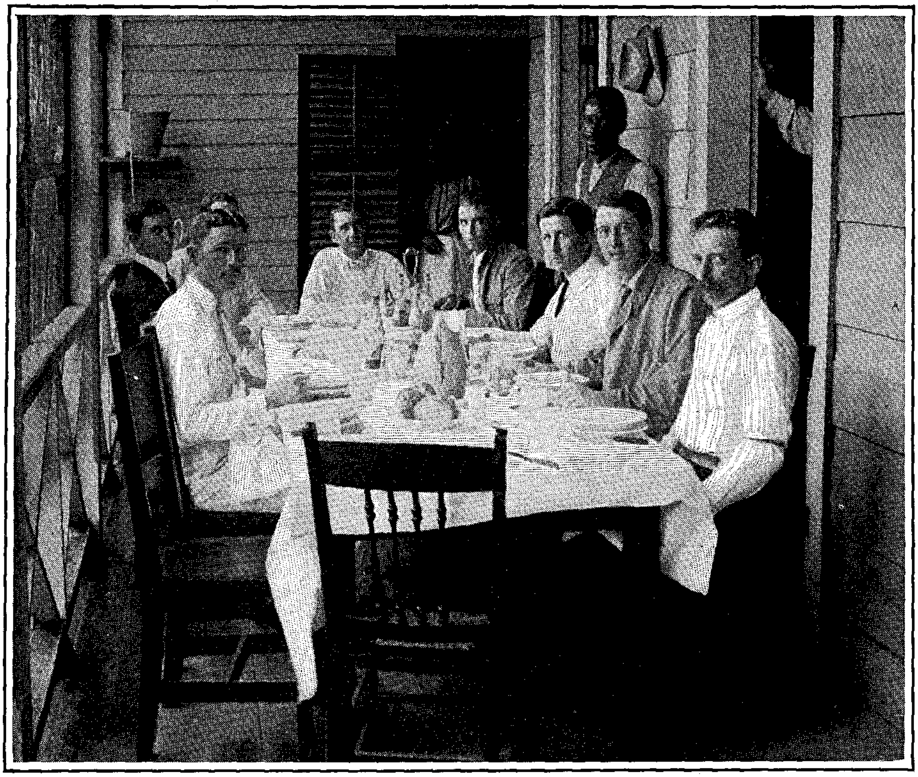
official version, you will have pointed out to you in the Cathedral Plaza the very man who paid the Colombian generals their $8,000.

Among the mixed results of so much buffoonery, the people of the Isthmus at least won freedom from Colombian oppression; the Canal was saved to the French stockholders to be transmitted to us at a better bargain than we had ever dreamed of getting; and a number of the conspirators acquired fortunes that are considered large when judged by Panamanian standards.

The interest of the French in the Canal was not political, but speculative, commercial. It spoke to their idealism and roused a delirium of enthusiasm. A Frenchman had pierced the Isthmus of Suez, and the same Frenchman was to transport the Straits of Magellan to Panama and complete a great equatorial highway for commerce that would belt the globe. For the United States, present interest in the Canal is more political than commercial. While we have been becoming a great world power, and the dominant nation of the West, the Monroe Doctrine has been developing from a benevolent will to oppose foreign aggression when it threatens a weaker neighborhood to a calm assertion of paramountcy. Our isolation has ended in a logical growth of policy involving no violent break with the past. Hamilton foresaw it when he wrote in the "Federalist" that "our situation prompts us to aim at an ascendant in American affairs." There is no rivalry for the possession of the Canal, but Panama has become as important to the United States as Suez is to Great Britain. South America has become to us like the Balkan States to Europe, with Cipriano Castro playing the Sultan's part. We carefully avoid interference in the domestic politics of these southern republics, but their turbulence and the incapacity of their governments may at any time burst into a dangerous conflict with Europe. With the open canal our naval power for offense and defense will be doubled. The ocean coasts of the United States will be drawn nine thousand miles nearer each other, and it will be possible to concentrate our fleets in three weeks—a feat that might otherwise require three months.

The recent expansion of the United States has made the Pacific almost an American ocean, and we are beginning to see with Captain Mahan that the empire of the sea is the empire of the world. Our coast line on the borders of that ocean is nearly as great as that of Russia, China, and the islands of Japan taken together. With a single small interruption, it runs from Mexico to the Arctic, circling by the Aleutian Islands almost to the northern shores of the Japanese Empire. Then, beginning close to Formosa, the Philippines stretch for more than a thousand miles along the coast of Asia. The Canal will not only give us a highway to lands where some of our most necessary food staples are produced; it will bring Japan, China, Siberia, and Australia as near the Atlantic seaboard and our chief manufacturing centers as they now are to western Europe. In other words, it will give us an equality in competition for the trade of half the population of the earth. Our commerce with the awakening East is already developing by such leaps and bounds that before the Canal can be finished it will have become a greater commercial than political necessity. Consider the recent growth of our trade with the Far East, in spite of our scanty merchant marines. Our imports from Asia and Oceania have mounted from 105 millions in 1891 to 185 millions in 1905. During the same time our exports to these far countries and islands of the Pacific have more than quintupled. As late as 1895 they were only thirty millions; by last year they had risen to 161 millions. As the industry and intelligence of the Nation becomes organized for greater conquests of commerce we shall build ships equal to the demands of our trade. As it is, although Panama will divert little European traffic from Suez, the merchant fleet of Great Britain, the great carrying power of the world, will be the first to profit from the new waterway.

At midday in the Caribbean the sea looks like indigo oil; the sun blazes all about you and the heat is heavy. The



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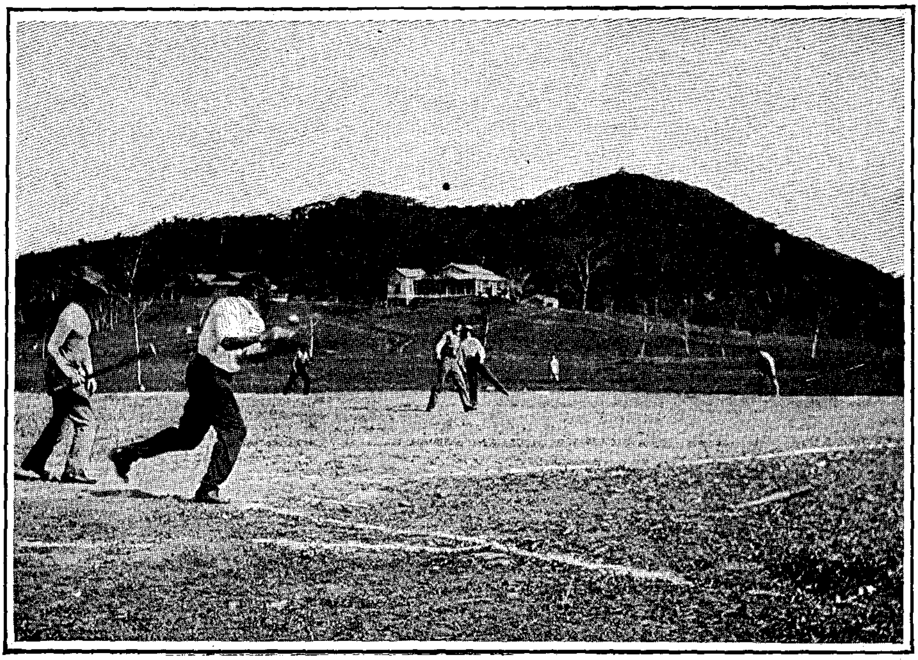
A PRIVATE MESS AT CRISTOBAL

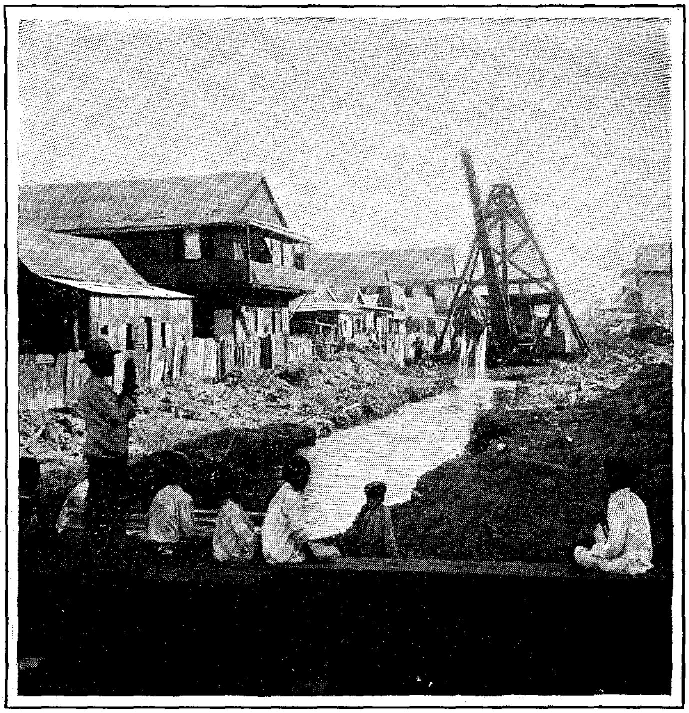


BASEBALL AT COROZAL—TYPEWRITERS VS. MARINES

Photographed by the author

noon bell rings; the officer on the bridge takes the position of the sun, makes his calculation, and the day's run is posted up in the companionway. You study his chart more closely as you approach Colon, and you find that the Isthmus is a place of surprising geography. It runs east and west, and not north and south; and the western end of the Canal lies east of the eastern end. Colon is more than two hundred miles south of the northernmost point of South America. An old resident tells you that in Panama the sun rises in the Pacific and sets behind a rugged chain of hills—the beginnings of the Rockies. You get a large map in the chart-room, and you discover that the Canal is almost in a line with Pittsburg, and that the continent of South America is swung by the Isthmus, as by the great arm of an Atlas, so far out into the Atlantic that the whole of it lies east of the longitude of Savannah.

You land at an ancient dock, and your first impressions of the Isthmus are vivid, and come crowding upon you in rapid and disordered succession. It is not very hot, but you had not thought that the sunlight could be so flaming and blinding, the shadows so black, the green of the leaves so dazzling. Colon has about it something of a Southern village, something of a mining town. It is a wooden encampment, a dusty—in the rainy season a muddy—city of shacks. The grime and hustle of the canal work fill the streets. The "Engineering News" lies about on the little round tables of the cafés, and men in loud voices tell each other how the Canal ought to be built. English is spoken everywhere, and the Panamanian is almost a stranger in this one of his two largest towns. You walk out in the direction of Fox River; you see a house on stilts with green scum beneath it, and you remember that your train leaves at four-thirty.



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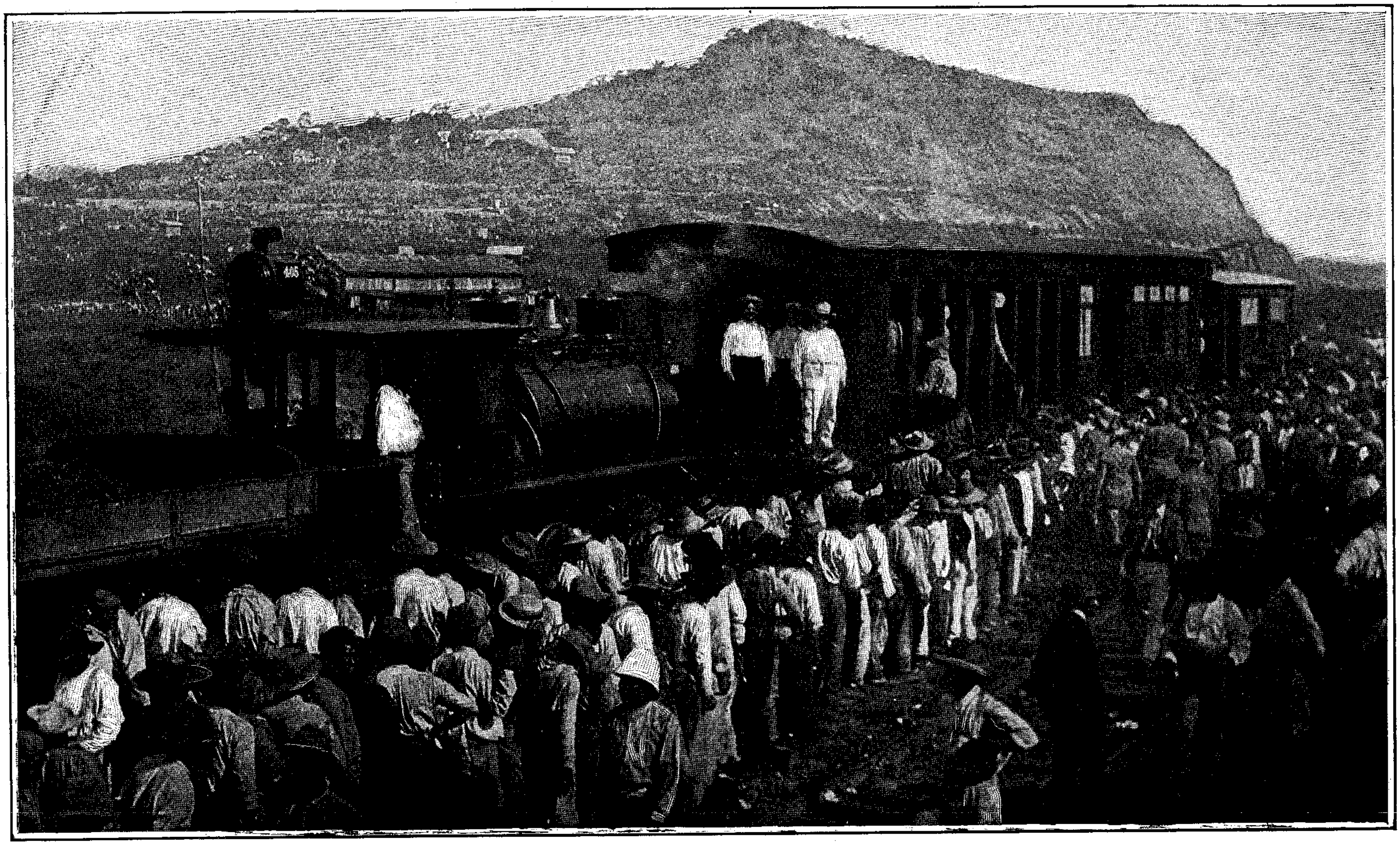
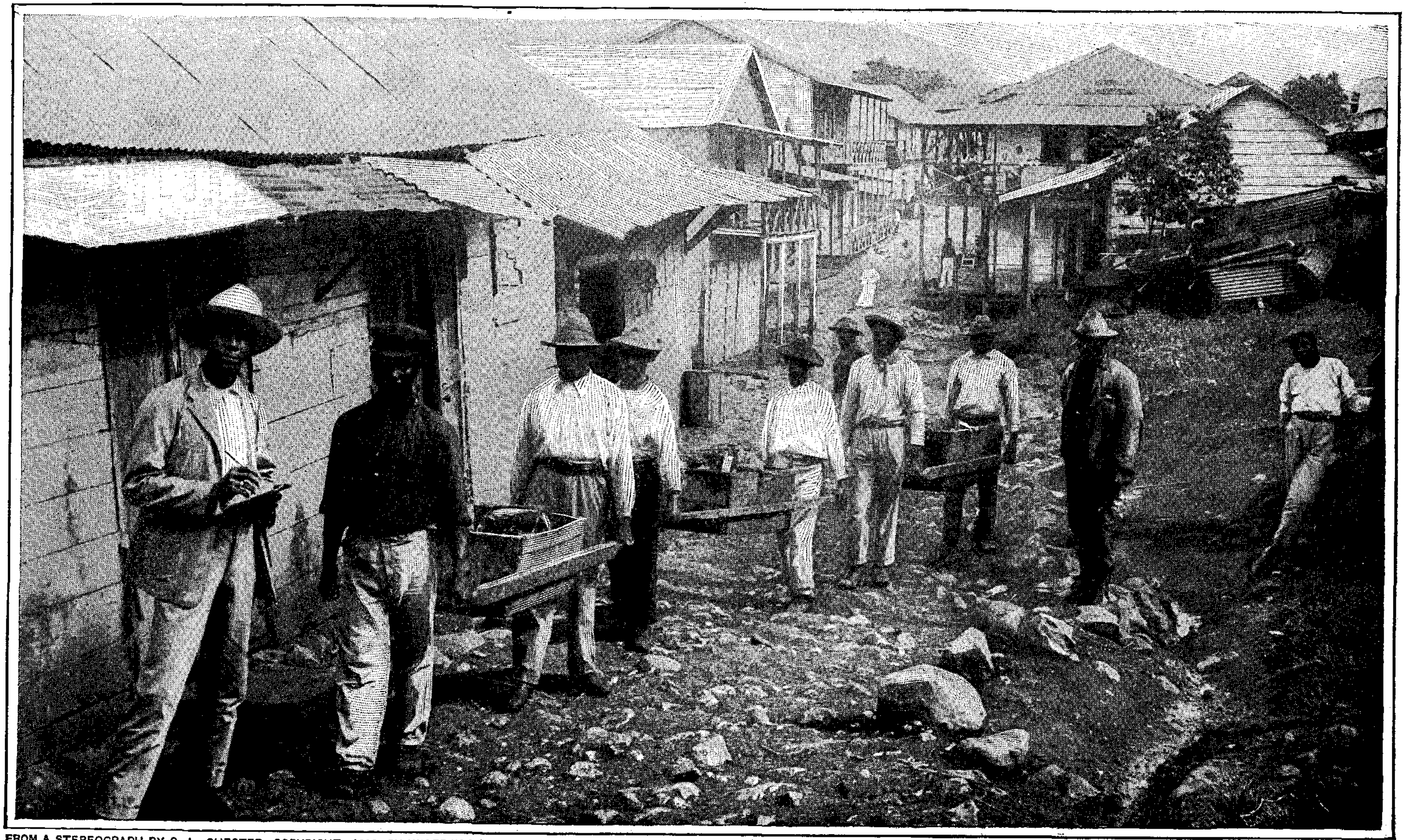
DIGGING A DRAINAGE CANAL IN COLON

These canals will be connected with the sea, permitting a fast flow of sea water through them

For the first ten miles the railroad runs mostly through swamp land. The trees, creepers, and ferns are gorgeously, tropically, they seem even dangerously, beautiful. At Bohio you reach higher



AT THE PAY-CAR
Photographed by the author



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THE SANITARY COMMISSION CLEANING UP CULEBRA

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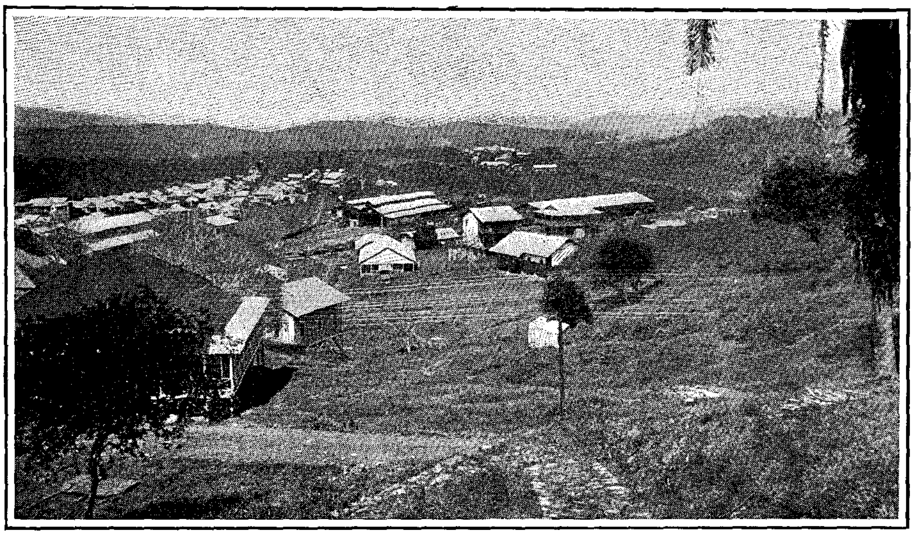
ENTRANCE TO THE MAIN CULEBRA CUT

ground; and the country gradually becomes rolling, hilly, almost mountainous in places. Negroes swarm about all the stations; and continually getting on and off the train, nervously quick in their movements and full of business talk, are ruddy and sunbrowned white men in khaki breeches and brown leather leggings, in colored shirts and cowboy hats. A dog's-eared memorandum-book, a surveyor's pole, a quiet "hello," tell you that they are all fellow-employees of the Isthmian Canal Commission. In the last ten miles, before Panama mountains fill the distance, the near-by hills are bolder and show their volcanic origin. You begin to wonder that you have never read that the Isthmus is a beautiful place. You see the Bay of Panama and its lofty mountain islands, and you think that it should be famous among bays for its loveliness.

Panama itself needs to be known well. It dominates the Isthmus and is the crux of many of the difficulties our Government has to face. The overhanging balconies, the red-tiled roofs, the dazzling plastered walls, that seem all white in the direct sun, are relics of old Spain. But you see many costly stone houses abandoned, crumbling to decay, and splendid churches of which only bare, roofless walls remain. Walking on the sea-beaten ramparts of Las Bovedas by moonlight, the romantic history of the ruined city throws a spell over you. But to know the people you must study them by the broad light of day.

They are very unlike in appearance, not molded to one type by ancient blending, as in Taboga. You will hear full-blooded Africans speaking Spanish. You will see a swarthy policeman with Indian cheek-bones and Chinese almond eyes. You may meet a slender, graceful woman with soft black eyes and a face of Spanish pallor. A thin black shawl is over her head and wound tightly around her body. You will bargain in the clatter of the market with the oldest wife of them all. She has the face of a squaw and wears her hair in two braids, each plaited close behind the ear. Her skin shows startlingly dark out of her low-cut white blouse. They are all Panamanians and all equal, and yet from those in which the white blood predominates the aristocracy and the ruling class are formed. Still, the different races are here in the melting-pot, and the Indian beyond the Zone, the negroes along the line of the Canal, and the diluted Spanish of the towns are fusing, and a national type is slowly being evolved. The mark of the Indian is stamped heavily upon it; there is nearly always a trace of the negro; only a lightened skin tells of the white.

Although no two Panamanians look the same, there is yet a likeness of character that is national. The Isthmus is the land of *mañana*—and of a long-deferred to-morrow—where proverbs of up and doing are unknown. *Mañana* is the word you hear most often along the streets and from the open doors and windows. I went with a friend to the custom-house for a trunk that had come



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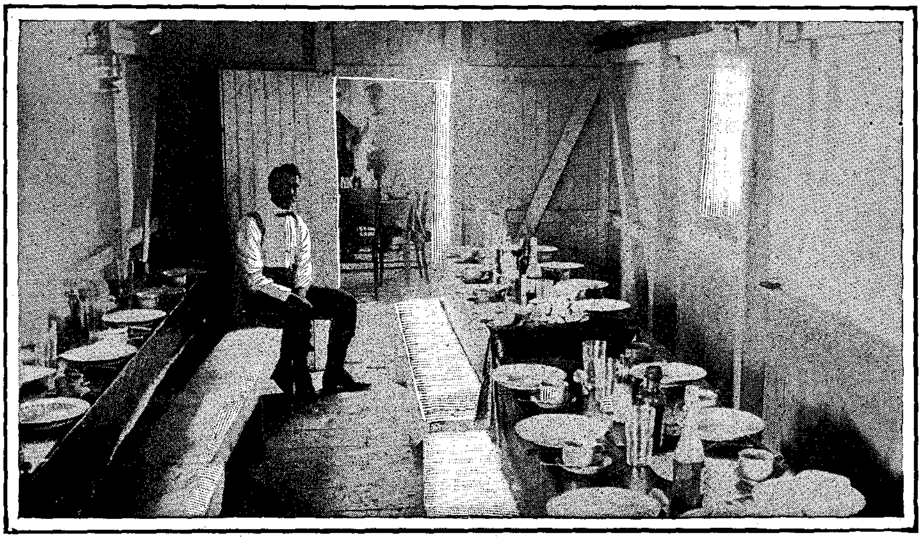
EMPLOYEES' QUARTERS AT EMPIRE



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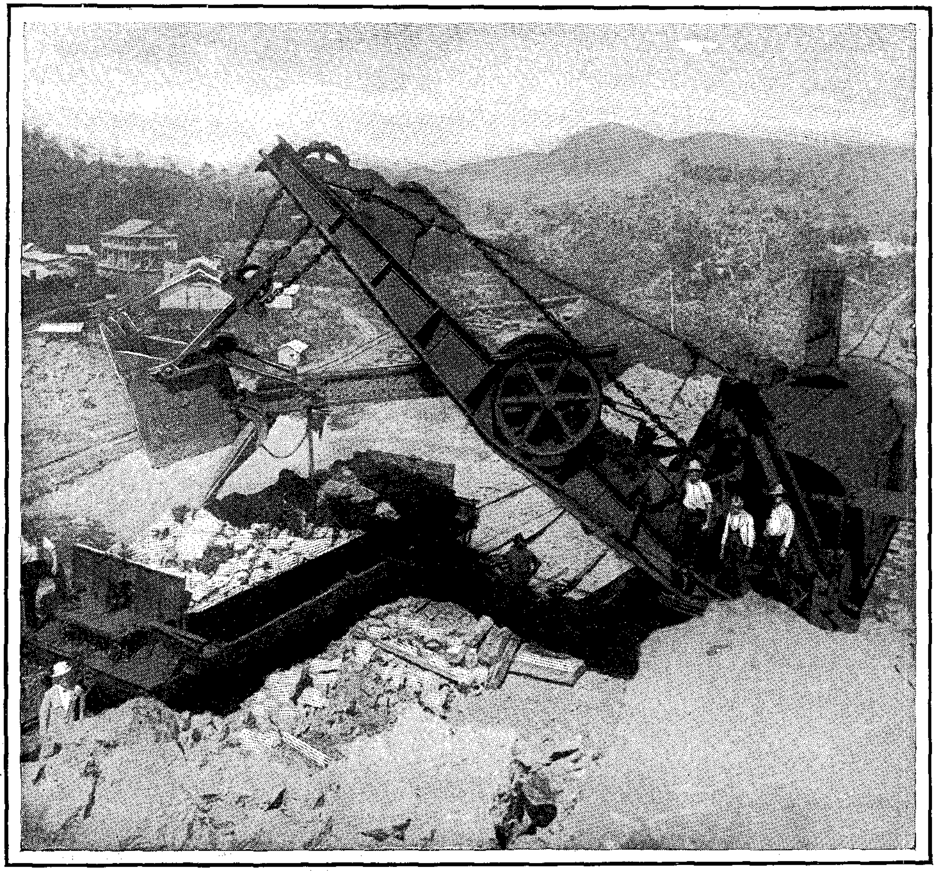
A DINING-CAR USED BY CARPENTERS AND MACHINISTS ON THE PANAMA RAILWAY



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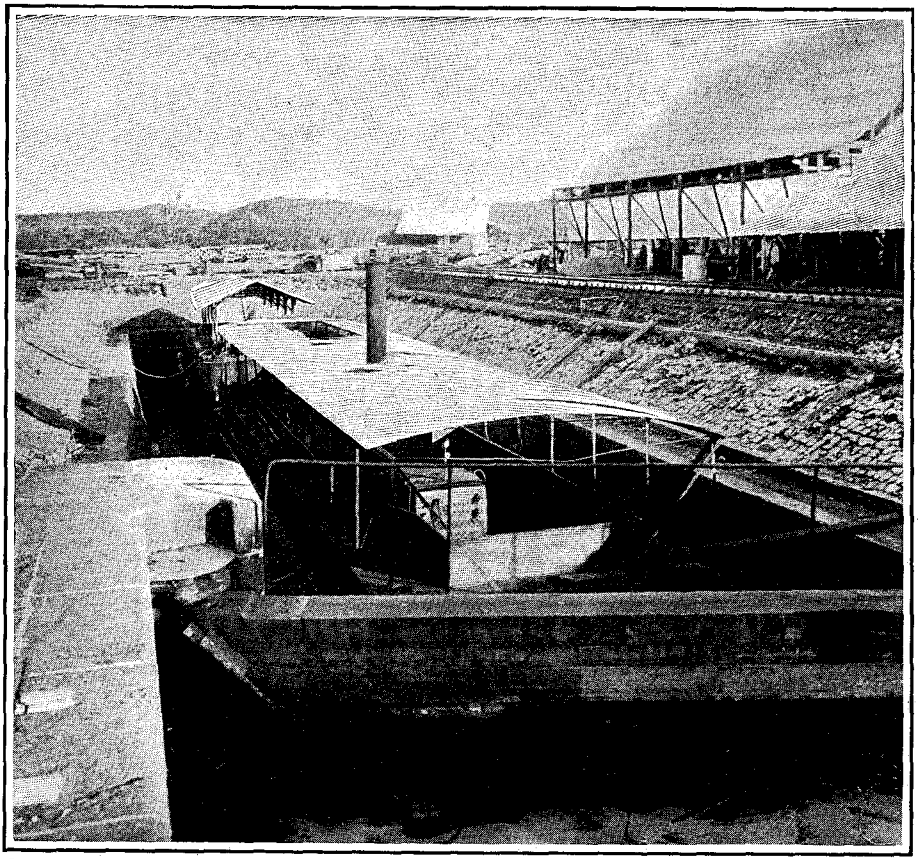
A STEAM SHOVEL IN CULEBRA CUT

"Fifteen seventy and ninety ton shovels are excavating between Pedro Miguel and Bas Obispo. A vast network of rails is being laid to carry off the spoil from the great Cut"

on a preceding steamer. The official stared stonily and dreamily at us, blew a ring from his cigarette, and said, "Mañana." We returned the next day, and were told to come again on the next. We finally had to appeal to an American of authority.

The primal curse seems remitted in Panama. Men do not need to labor in order to eat, and the large local profits of truck-farming no more excite the poor native's ambition than the generous wages paid laborers on the Canal. Of the 22,000 employees of the Commission and the Panama Railroad only about 500 are Panamanians. The native will sell what he has in the garden, if he is tempted with a good price, but no desire "to get ahead" leads him to quick replanting. The soil is marvelously fertile, but vegetables are scarce and dear. Oranges and bananas are poor and cost as much as in our Middle West. Sleek cattle, the pride of the Isthmus, are seen everywhere along the railroad, but Ancon Hospital cannot buy milk for less than $1.20 gold a gallon, and the only butter you can buy comes from Denmark. Indolence lies like a blight over the whole land, and you are not astonished when you are told that there was not a savings bank in the Republic of Panama until our advent.

Colonel Gorgas, the Chief Sanitary Officer, believes that this is less the result of tropical degeneracy than of malaria and the hook-worm disease. In an extensive series of microscopical tests made by his department it was found that more than seventy per cent. of the natives examined had the malarial parasite in their blood. Their physique is so



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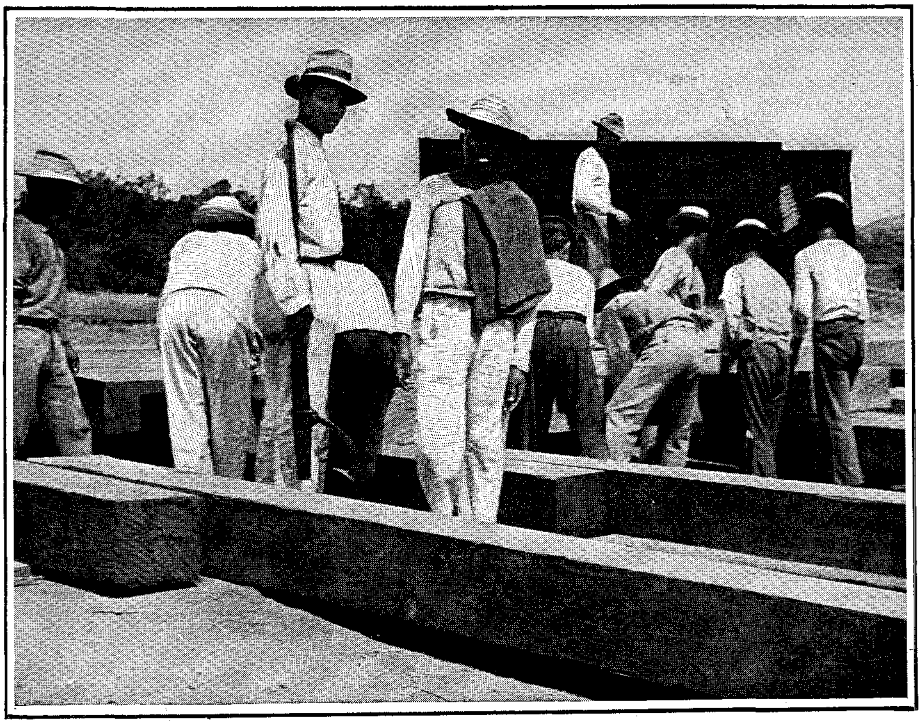
UTILIZING WHAT THE FRENCH COMPANY LEFT

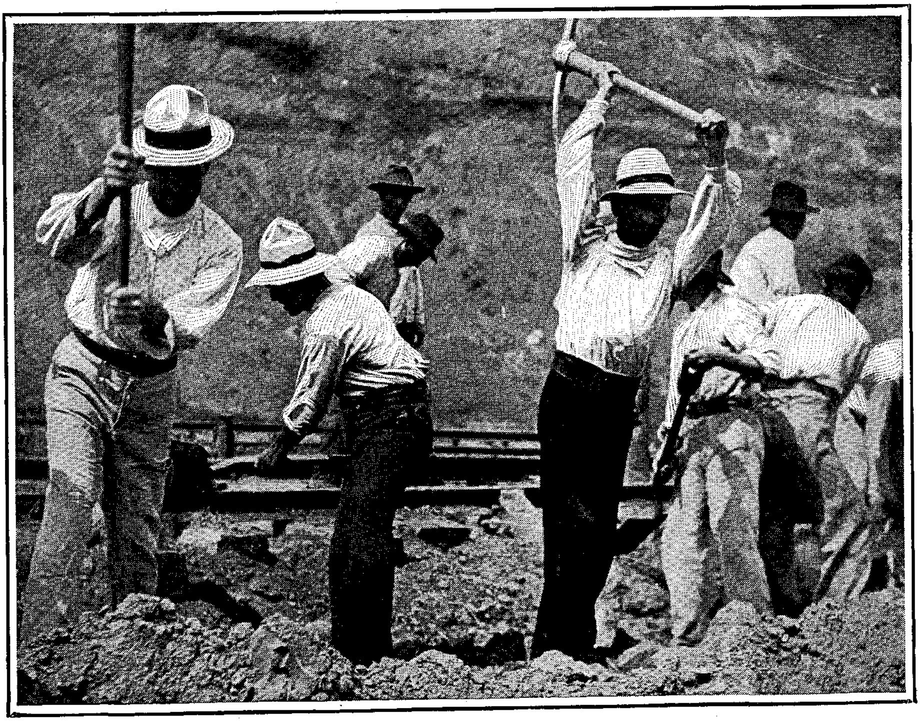
Rebuilding two suction dredges in a dry-dock built by the French. Most of the machinery left by the French has been rendered worthless by years of idleness. Whenever possible, however, it is repaired and rebuilt

uniformly poor that our American boys seem a race of giants beside them. Yet the tropics undeniably have a powerful effect in producing sloth. At home self-help is the condition of existence, but in Panama the handicap of nature is not livening and tonic like the cold of the north. Such eternal summer reigns that the falling flowers of some overhanging tree are always floating down the Chagres. Nature is prolific, and the rapidly advancing jungle must be fought through a great part of the year in depressing heat. It is so difficult an enemy to overcome that the crushed stone roadbed of the railway can be kept free of vegetation only by frequent spraying with a solution of arsenic. The jungle is so dense that a party of surveying engineers hacking their way through it with *machetes* passed within twenty feet on either side of a hill as high as a three-story house without seeing it. It was only discovered when the ground was completely cleared for a careful survey. It takes energy to get on in the world in the face of such obstacles.

Panama is a republic precisely after the kind of those of South America. The old civilization inherited from the Spaniards is decaying. Many of the virtues of the Spaniards have disappeared; many of their vices have survived. There is a perfect lust of blood, seen in cock fights, bull fights, and in the incredible ferocity of the policeman when he makes an arrest in which the smallest amount of force is necessary. Colombia passed through fifty-three revolutions in fifty-seven years, and in Panama, its emancipated province, revolution is still thought of as an ordinary legal



HOW THE JAMAICAN NEGROES WORK
Eleven men to move one piece of timber
Photographed by the author



LABORERS FROM NORTHERN SPAIN
These are the best rough labor yet found for work on the Canal. They receive twice the wages of the negro, and earn every cent of it
Photographed by the author

process of election. It is now a very general expectation that an attempt at revolution will accompany the next election. Secretary Root's letter pledging the United States not to interfere with the liberties of Panama is interpreted to mean that fighting without the Zone will be permitted. Distinction is not made between a declaration of policy and the legal right to suppress disorder which our Government may assert at any necessary time.

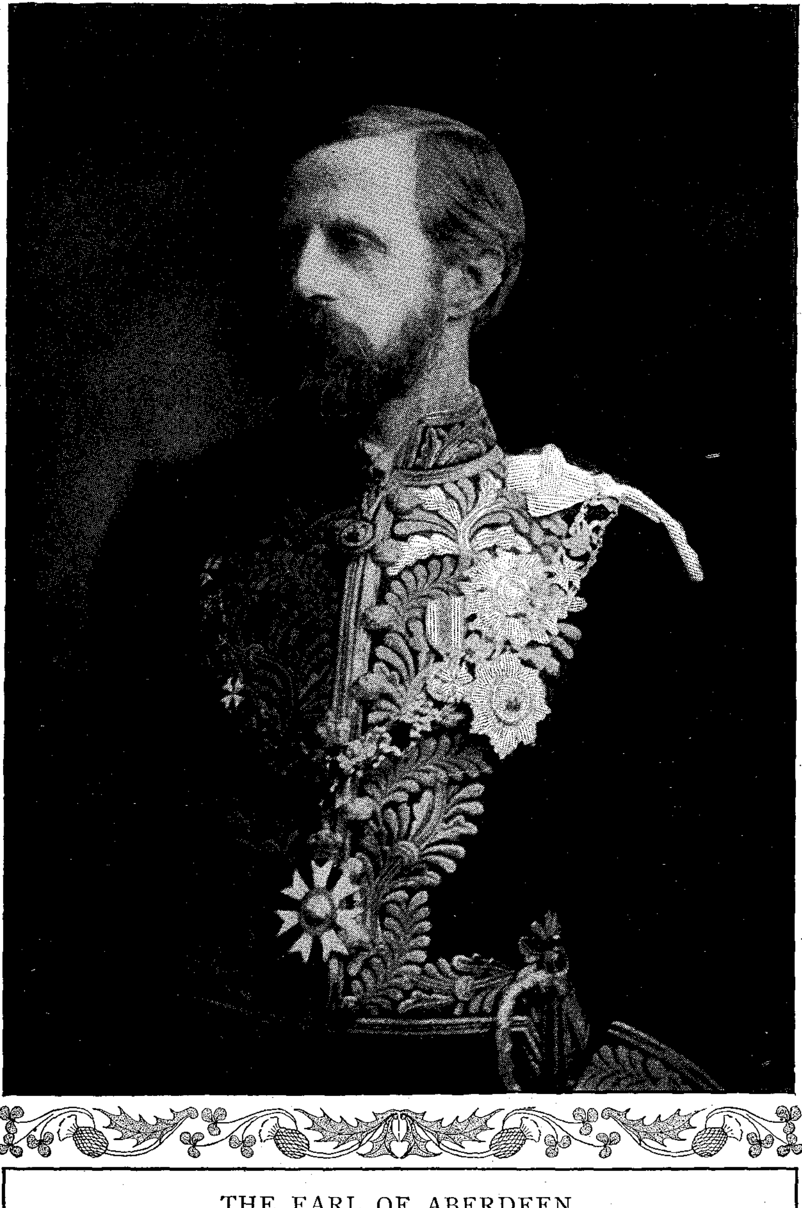
To complete the picture: The Panamanian who succeeds is generally either foreign born, or of more virile foreign extraction. The men of eight families hold all the realities of political and financial power in Panama. One is Cuban, one is English, two are Colombian, three are Jewish; only one is of the ordinary mixed Panamanian blood, and he has his position, not through his own force or ability, but by the accident of marriage. One of them has the tobacco monopoly, just renewed, though all monopolies were abolished by the Constitution. Another has the market concession. A third has the lottery. A fourth makes a handsome yearly sum from the assessments of liquor licenses and from blackmail levied on gamblers—and gambling of all kinds is strictly forbidden by the Constitution. Another has the telephone and telegraph concession. Another enjoys various banking privileges, and another is the Fiscal Agent and the head of the cattle trust. New forms of "graft" are being continually discovered.

Bolivar gave his life to an attempt to weld the ancestors of these Panamanians, and their kinsmen, into a great and free nation. His dying words were: "I have plowed in the sea." We have adopted the generous and impossible faith that the Panamanian is a man the equal of all other men; and as far as his salvation depends upon us, it is bound up in that faith. But we shall need to take care to see that we do not treat him like a child and spoil him like a child.

Into the quiet streets and plazas of Panama our men have come like an invading army. They have brought an incessant din with them, from typewriter, saw, hammer. The sound of pick, shovel, and stone-crusher rings loud under the balconies as they rush the paving of the newly christened "Central Avenue." A foreman like Kipling's type American "shambles forth in cosmic guise," and with his brisk "Come on! Come on!" he makes his gangs of Jamaicans and Martiniquans work as I have seen negroes work nowhere else on the Isthmus. And this is only one thing of the thousand they are doing. Reservoirs and pumping stations are being built to supply the entire line; Colon is being sewered and paved; new quarters, hotels, houses for married folks, hospitals, are going up everywhere; huge docks are under way at Colon and La Boca. They are double-tracking the railroad; fifteen seventy and ninety ton shovels are excavating between Pedro Miguel and Bas Obispo. A vast network of rails is being laid to carry off the spoil from the great Cut. The sanitary men are at work in every division inspecting, burning, fumigating. I have talked with the judges of the courts; watched the work of the police managing crowds, making an arrest, patrolling the savannahs. I have seen the plan for the organization of a fire department, for the building of schools. I have attended the first teachers' convention ever held on the Isthmus, where a dozen papers in pedagogy were read—one of them on Expressive Reading, another on Children's Farm Gardens.

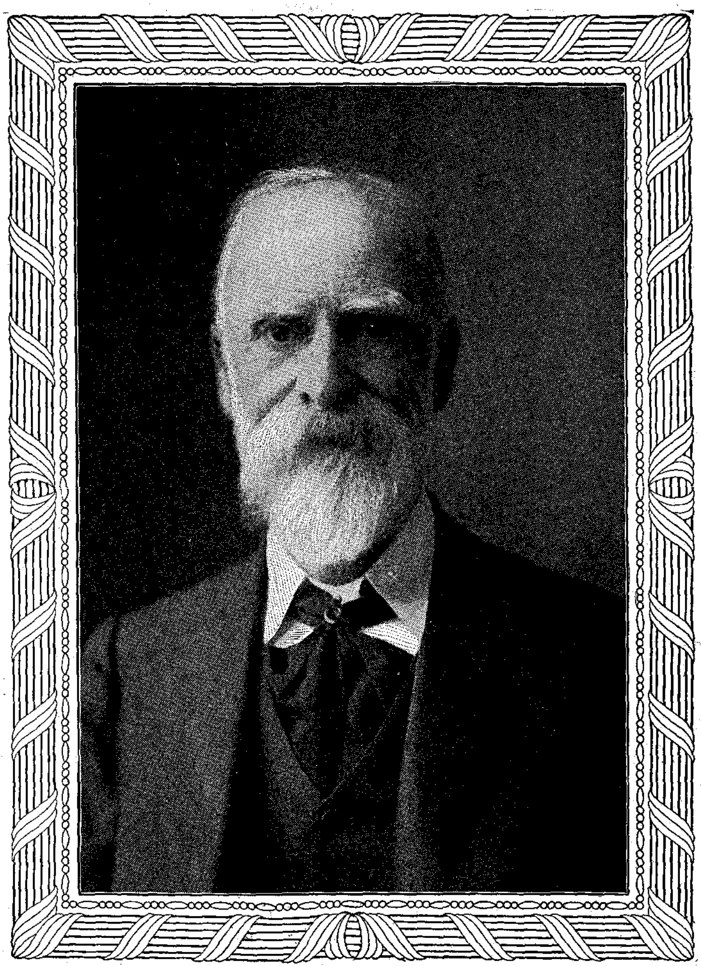
Gradually there pieces itself together a splendid human story. You begin to understand that our Republic is doing something more on the Isthmus than the mere building of a canal. It is creating a State with all the machinery and equipment of our home civilization adapted to strange needs. The work is being done in a hurry, but it is being done well. Not perfectly, as these articles may show, but still well enough to justify the pride of the Nation. Best of all, it is being done at no serious cost of life. Less than a week ago I attended morning inspection of the fever wards of Ancon, our largest hospital. About fifty patients were being cared for; only one of them was in peril of death.

Panama, Republic of Panama.



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland



THE RIGHT HONORABLE JAMES BRYCE
Chief Secretary for Ireland

THE NEW IRISH GOVERNMENT

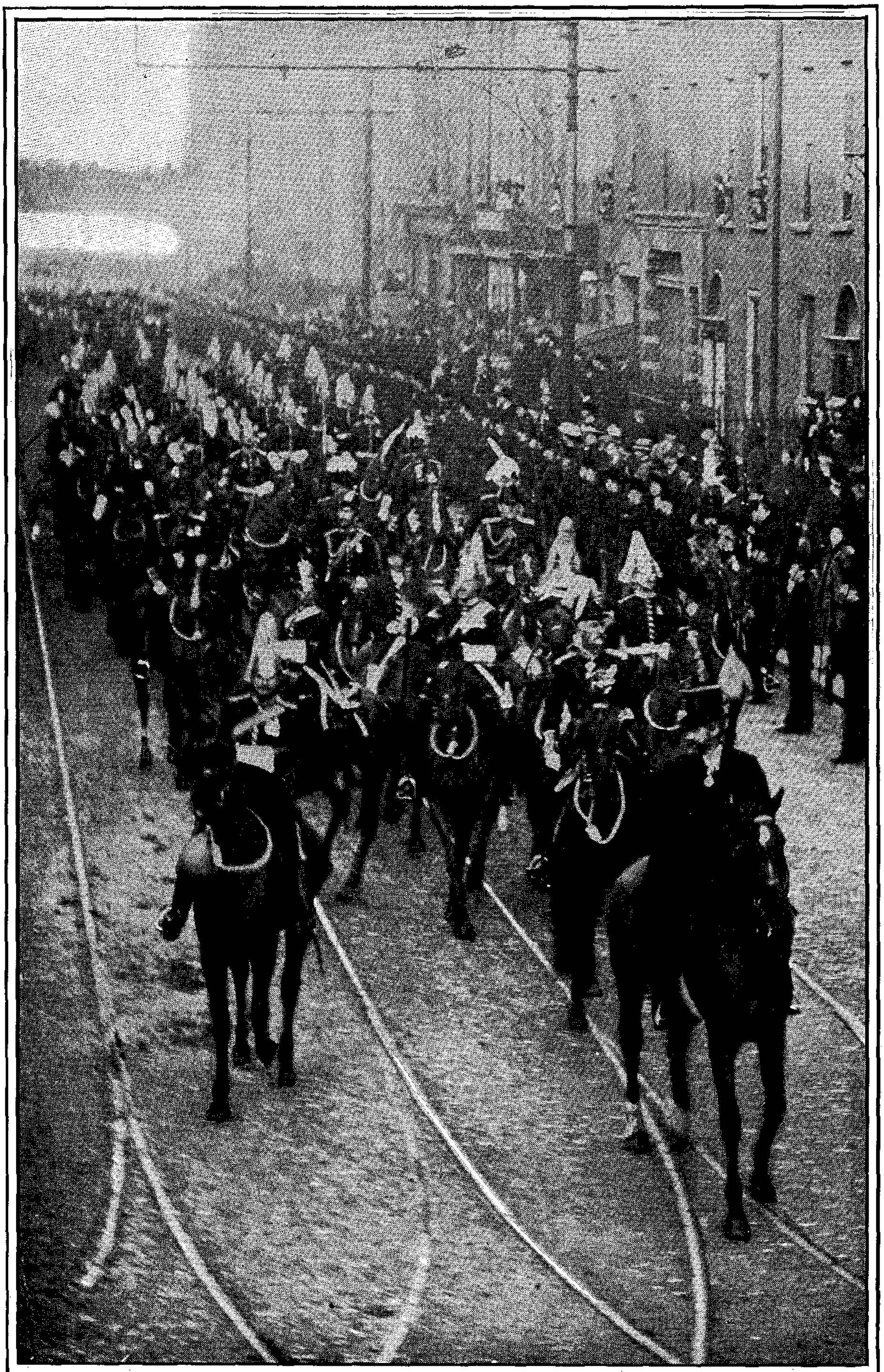
BY JUSTIN McCARTHY

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," etc., etc.

THE results of the recent general elections and the arrival of Lord Aberdeen for the second time as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland must have seemed to the Irish people like the opening of a new era for their country. There was, indeed, a common impression everywhere throughout these islands that the new Liberal Government must be greatly strengthened in power by the results of the appeal to the country. But it was hardly expected anywhere, so far as I know, that the defeat of the Conservative party could be so absolute and so overwhelming as it proved to be. It will be remembered that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues had come into office because the Conservative Government under Mr. Arthu James Balfour did not care to face the immense financial and political difficulties into which they had brought themselves, and probably thought their best chance lay in resigning and in leaving to a Liberal Government unprepared for such a responsibility to make the best they could of the conditions bequeathed to them, or to fail utterly in the attempt, and thus mar their chances for the future. The Liberal Government, however, very wisely determined to throw upon their Tory predecessors the full responsibility for their ten years of office, and to appeal at once to the constituencies of all Great Britain and Ireland for their deciding choice between the two political parties. The choice declared itself, I need hardly say, in a majority for the Liberals the like of which has never been known in the history of that party, or of any other party here since the great Reform Bill of 1832. In all recent generations a Ministry has been held safe and strong which could count on a majority of 100 in a party division—the Liberal Ministry under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has already on several occasions defeated the Conservatives by majorities of more than 300.

Under these auspicious conditions Lord Aberdeen occupies for the second time the Irish Viceroyalty. Nearly twenty years have passed since Lord Aberdeen's first appointment to the place which he now holds. The first appointment was given to him by Mr. Gladstone at the time when Gladstone brought out in the House of Commons his earlier measure for the granting of Home Rule to Ireland. At that time, however, there were no such prospects open to a Viceroy of Lord Aberdeen's principles as those which welcome him now. When he first came to Ireland as Viceroy, the great mass of the Irish people were ready to give him their most cordial welcome because he came as the representative of a Home Rule policy, but few indeed had any real hope just then that Gladstone's great reform was destined to success. Yet it must be said that no Irish Viceroy had ever before been sent to Dublin who endeared himself more to the people he was commissioned to govern than did Lord Aberdeen during the short time allowed to him by adverse political fate for his maintenance of the office. He would, of course, have been welcome in any case were it only because he came as the representative of the Home Rule policy, but he soon showed personal gifts and graces, a generous heart, a sympathetic spirit, and an intellectual capacity which must have won for him the admiration and the affection of the Irish people. He now returns to Ireland the same man, to hold the same position, but under very different conditions. He is now in Ireland as the representative of the strongest Liberal Government we have had for many generations. The present Prime Minister has long been a proclaimed Home Ruler, and in his Government leading places are held by men like John Morley, James Bryce, and many others who have always in the darkest times for Home Rule held firmly to its principle.

The Irish Nationalist party is stronger now in numbers than it ever was before, and is thoroughly united in political purpose and has even won some seats from that Orange province of Ulster which at one time made itself the camping-ground of every anti-Irish faction. Then it has to be added that the Labor party, which is now for the first time a numerous and powerful party in the House of Commons, is prepared to stand shoulder to shoulder with the Irish Nationalists on the question of Home Rule for Ireland. Within the last few years, also, some of the British colonies have in their local parliaments passed strong resolutions calling upon the Parliament at Westminster to grant Ireland's demand for the right of governing her own domestic affairs while remaining under these altered conditions a contented and loyal partner in the British Empire. My American readers will readily understand what a difference these changes make between the conditions of Lord Aberdeen's former mission to Ireland and the conditions which welcome his second Viceroyalty there. The present Liberal Government have not thus far delivered any formal announcement of their resolve to bring in a Home Rule measure at any definite time. But it has been clearly made known by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and by other leading members of his administration that the principle is accepted, and that when the



STATE ENTRY OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT INTO DUBLIN

LADY ABERDEEN

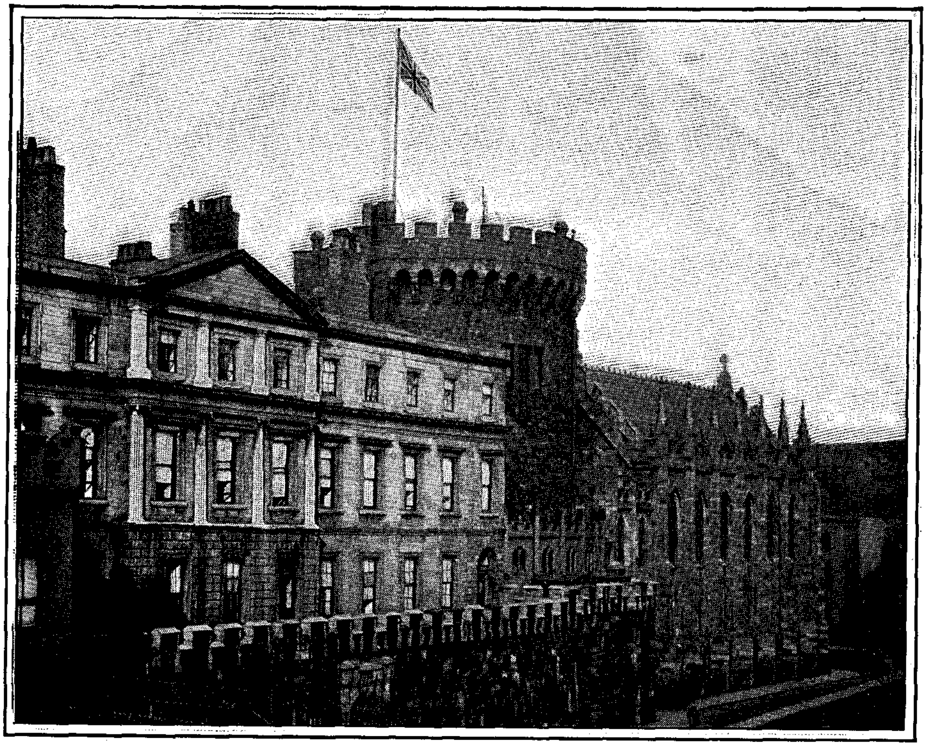
huge burden of unfinished work left upon their hands by their predecessors shall have been dealt with to some reasonable extent, and when the errors of their predecessors shall have been as far as possible corrected, the Government will begin the movement to give to Ireland her right and her system of self-government.

Lord Aberdeen was not trained to political life in the House of Commons, because he succeeded too early to his family title, which gave him at once a place in the House of Lords. A man of ability, devoted to a political life, loses much by having no training in the stirring and vivid debates of the House of Commons. The House of Lords is for the most part a rather dull assembly; its meetings do not usually occupy more than an hour or two; it very seldom becomes the scene of any great parliamentary struggle, and only on rare occasions listens to a really important and thrilling debate. There are always some powerful speakers and eloquent debaters in the House of Lords, but most of these have come from the representative chamber by the succession to or gift of a title, and some of these have already accomplished the great political work of their lives and do not feel called upon to trouble themselves much about making a display in the unstimulating atmosphere of the House of Lords. Lord Aberdeen, however, soon gave evidence in the Peers' chamber that nature had given him some of the best qualities of a parliamentary debater. He had a fine voice, had been a devoted student of literature and art as well as of history and politics, had a ready and fluent utterance, and a remarkable power of sustained argument; and these qualifications were enhanced by his fine figure and handsome face. Lord Aberdeen soon discovered that the old-fashioned Conservative political principles were not suited to his progressive mind, and he became before long an advanced Liberal and a devoted follower of Gladstone. The result was that Gladstone soon saw in him a man who could render high service to the State if only the State allowed him opportunity; and when he brought in his Home Rule measure, he made Lord Aberdeen Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. I have often wondered whether Gladstone did not at the time take account of some other advantages possessed by Lord Aberdeen which must help to make him especially welcome to a susceptible and enthusiastic people like those of Ireland. Lord Aberdeen was the husband of one of the most gifted and charming women that it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Lady Aberdeen was the daughter of a noble house, and she always appeared to me as if nature had especially designed her to be the wife of the man whom she had accepted as her husband. She was a handsome and singularly interesting woman, endowed with a remarkably fine intellect, a most attractive manner, and a generous love and devotion for every noble cause and enterprise. Her whole life seems to have been guided by a love for humanity and a sympathy with human suffering, and she had a certain instinctive originality of perception which made her an invaluable companion, and often, I should think, an invaluable guide to a husband with such a career before him as that which was assigned to Lord Aberdeen. She had been in a certain sense a ruling power among some sections of the aristocratic and fashionable society of London, and she had won that position, not by making herself an exponent of fashion or a light of aristocracy, but by devoting herself to the cause of the poor and suffering. Lady Aberdeen was a true and energetic champion of the genuine emancipation of woman, and she accomplished her work with such grace and such sympathetic charm that the humorists of the time, who loved to describe the advocates of women's rights as unsexed declaimers and termagants, could not but feel that Lady Aberdeen was in herself a living refutation of their satirical arguments and illustrations. For all her high intellect and her practical activity in the cause of progress and human welfare, she was the very type of gentle and graceful womanhood. All who were interested in the cause of Ireland could not but feel that the career of Lord Aberdeen as Lord Lieutenant must be sustained and advanced in every way by the companionship of such a wife and every one who knew anything of the pair knew that they lived in the most thorough companionship of feelings and of purposes. I had at that time, and for long after, many opportunities of meeting Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and I am therefore not depending merely on the testimony of others, however well qualified to judge, when I thus give my ideas as to the qualifications of both alike for the work which they then undertook and are now undertaking once again. The impression which Lord and Lady Aberdeen made on the people of Ireland during their stay in Dublin on that first occasion was exactly what those who knew them must have anticipated.

The Viceroy in Ireland had up to that time, except in rare instances, represented merely the mastery which English rule had enforced upon a reluctant and resisting people. Dublin Castle, the home of the Lord-Lieutenant, was the social as well as the official center of all that part of the community who maintained the principle of English domination. It need hardly be said that that part of the community was very small indeed so far as numbers were concerned, and consisted almost altogether of the landlord class and such of the Dublin shopkeeping classes as were dependent mainly on Castle patronage. The whole national population of Ireland had no more to do with the social life of Dublin Castle than with the social life, if there be any such, of the planet Mars. Lord Aberdeen and his wife changed at once these conditions of official life in London. They offered their most liberal hospitality to Home Rulers and Nationalists, and at the Viceregal festivities were to be frequently met Irish Home Rule members who had been denounced, over and over again, by leading London newspapers as the enemies of peace and order, the promoters of assassination, and the instigators of civil war. All this was done without the slightest suggestion that the host and hostess were making an effort to secure a welcome in Ireland, but merely as if they were welcoming familiar guests to the Viceregal home. Lord and Lady Aberdeen have, indeed, always been in the habit of associating in England with Irish Nationalists as freely and as genially as with advanced English and Scotch Radicals, and it costs them no more effort to be friendly in one place than in the other.

Up to that time, however, it would have been difficult to meet with an Irish Nationalist in the Dublin home of an Irish Viceroy, for even if the Viceroy were to invite the Irish National representative the Nationalist could hardly accept the invitation, because its acceptance might lay him open to the odious suspicion that he was seeking to court the favor of Dublin Castle and might thus be regarded as failing in his devotion to his National cause. Now the Irish Lord-Lieutenant and his wife had come to Dublin as proclaimed advocates of Home Rule, and they were welcomed by a national enthusiasm rarely expressed or felt by the Irish people for the representative of English dominion over Ireland.

My American readers know already how the golden promise of that happy time was not destined then to be realized. Gladstone failed in carrying his first Home Rule measure through the House of Commons, and the great Liberal leader went out of office. Lord Aberdeen went out of office with his chief, and he and his wife took their leave of Dublin amid public demonstrations of gratitude, affection, and regret such as an ordinary mortal, living before those days and unendowed with prophetic vision, could hardly have believed it possible for a British Viceroy and his wife to receive in the Irish national capital. When the Liberals came into power again, Mr. Gladstone brought in his second Home Rule measure and succeeded in carrying it through the House of Commons, but, almost as a matter of course, it was rejected when brought up for consideration by the House of Lords. There was nothing astonishing or alarming to the advocates of Home Rule in this action on the part of the hereditary chamber. Every measure of political reform brought forward in England is sure to be rejected by the House of Lords when first it is sent up to them. We all know that it will have to be sent up to them time after time until they can at last bring themselves to recognize the fact that the majority of



DUBLIN CASTLE

THE OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE
Now the Bank of Ireland

the constituencies are determined to carry the measure, and that further resistance may be fraught with danger to the principle of legislation by hereditary lawmakers.

The appointment of Lord Aberdeen has especial and peculiar interest and importance just at present. It is well known that there are in the new Liberal Government, and even in the new Liberal Cabinet itself, some members whose minds do not seem to be quite made up on the subject of Home Rule. I do not know that any one of these has proclaimed or is likely to proclaim himself an absolute opponent of Home Rule; but it is certain that some of the new Ministers give to it only a qualified and rather reluctant acceptance, and are anxious to put off as long as possible the raising of the whole question in Parliament. Under these conditions it is a matter of the highest importance that Lord Aberdeen has been sent to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant. It would have been quite easy for the Prime Minister, had he been so inclined, to obtain the appointment to the Lord Lieutenancy for some Peer who, even if a Home Ruler, had never pledged himself publicly to the principle, and thus have allowed uncertain Liberals to hope that the question was not pressing, according to the judgment of the new Ministry. But when it was made known that the Prime Minister had chosen as the Government's representative in Ireland a man like Lord Aberdeen, already devoted heart and soul to the cause of Home Rule, there came an end to all possible doubt as to the policy of the men who will lead the new Government. The appointment has been welcomed with the utmost delight by the Irish people. If the whole event were to have no other result, it might well be a subject of congratulation to every patriotic Englishman and Irishman, because it will at least help to make it evident that the more Liberal an English Prime Minister is, the more firm he is to the Home Rule principle, and the more thoroughly he recognizes that Home Rule for Ireland must be a blessing to the English as well as to the Irish people.

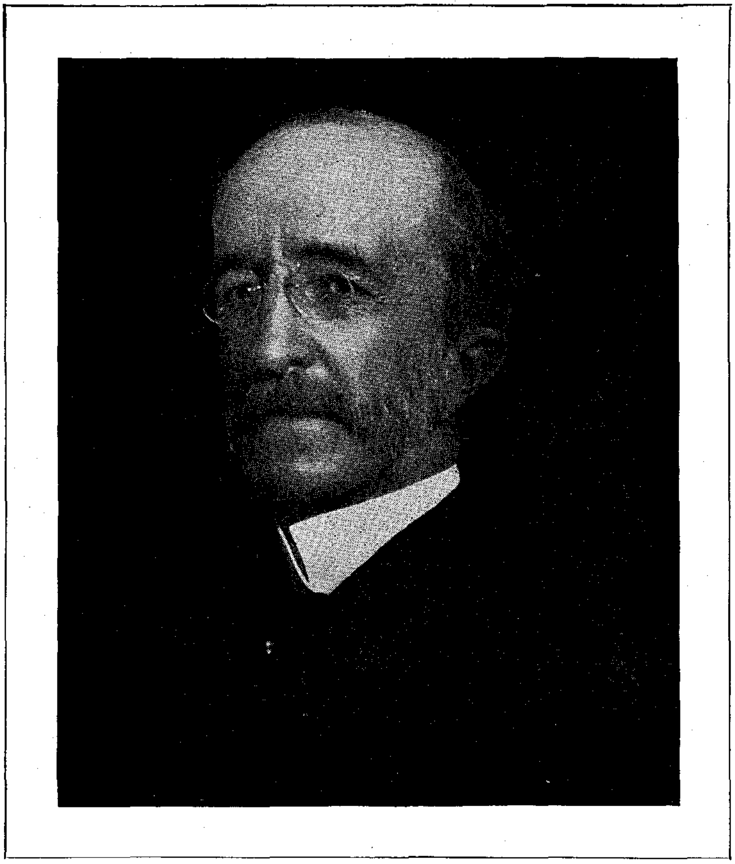
It is no part of my purpose in this article to say much about Lord Aberdeen's career as Governor-General of Canada. When, some years after the failure of Gladstone's first Reform measure, the Liberal party came back into power, Mr. Gladstone appointed Lord Aberdeen to act as the representative of English rule in Canada—one of the highest and most important positions which can be given to an English public man. It is enough to say that Lord Aberdeen and his wife made themselves as popular in Canada as they had been in Ireland, and were regarded with equal confidence and admiration by the French as by the British Canadians. To accomplish such a success as this is indeed as high a proof as can well be given of statesmanlike impartiality, sympathy, and justice. My object in this article is to speak of Lord Aberdeen as he showed himself in his dealings with Ireland, and we have him now once again as a representative in Dublin Castle of a Government pledged as a whole to the principle of Home Rule for Ireland.

The return of Lord Aberdeen to his former position bears, in one of its conditions, a special and peculiar resemblance to his first appearance on that political stage. When he came to Ireland for the first time, he brought with him as Chief Secretary a man who had won an equal fame in literature and in politics—Mr. John Morley. Now that he comes for the second time, he brings with him another man who also stands in the foremost rank of authors and of Parliamentary statesmen. It is a curious fact that in a volume of "British Political Portraits," which was published for me in the United States nearly three years ago, I said that, "In a certain sense, James Bryce might be described as belonging to that Parliamentary order in the front of which John Morley stands just now." There was at that time but little prospect of any return of the Liberal party to power in England, and there was not, in my mind, any thought of the possibility that James Bryce might come to hold the same position under Lord Aberdeen in Ireland that John Morley had already held.

James Bryce is one of the very foremost of modern historians. His work "The Holy Roman Empire" is already recognized as one of our modern classics, and his book "The American Commonwealth" must be well known in the United States. He was born in Ireland, but his family belonged, I believe, to Scotland, and the city in which he was born, Belfast, has much of the Caledonian atmosphere about it. Belfast is the leading city in that small part of Ireland which still strives to hold out against Home Rule, but is becoming less and less able to maintain its old influence in Parliamentary representation. James Bryce was educated at the University of Glasgow and at Trinity College, Oxford; studied at the Bar, and practiced the profession for a time; became Professor of Civil Law at Oxford, and afterwards gave up that position and went in for a life devoted at once to letters and to politics. He made a distinct mark in the House of Commons, and although he could hardly be described as an orator in the higher sense, he was unquestionably one of the influential debaters in the House. His speeches were always instructive, dealt closely with every subject on which he had to address the House; he never spoke on any question concerning which he had not something of his own to say, and never addressed the House when he did not feel himself compelled by his own knowledge of the subject to take a part in the debate. He was always listened to with the closest and deepest attention, for the good reason that every member of the House well knew that when James Bryce arose to speak the House would be sure to hear something which it would not willingly lose. He was from the beginning an advanced Liberal, to use a phrase familiar in our Parliamentary world, and carrying with it a distinct meaning. He was also a strong advocate of Home Rule for Ireland. He soon won an acknowledged reputation in the House of Commons. When the Liberals came into power, he was made Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and during a later Liberal administration Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. As successor to John Morley he becomes the latest of a trio of gifted and high-minded men appointed to the office of Irish Chief Secretary, and I cannot doubt that Bryce will show himself during his work in that position as a fitting successor to the other two.

Thomas Drummond was an Edinburgh man by birth, distinguished himself in practical science, then turned to political work, and in 1835 was made Irish Secretary. During his stay in Ireland he thoroughly gained the affections of the people by his absolute impartiality, his sympathy, and his resolute efforts to sustain the Irish peasantry against the tyranny of the landlord class, whom it was the fashion of the ruling British powers in those days to endow with an almost absolute mastery over the tenants. One of Drummond's famous phrases, "Property has its duties as well as its rights," has made itself memorable in the history of Ireland, and it was upon the principle embodied in that phrase that Drummond ever acted while he had to do with the government of Ireland. It may seem to many readers in our times nothing better than a truism, but in the days of Drummond it must have seemed to the ruling class in Ireland an audacious heresy, and some generations had to pass away and many troubles had to be gone through before it became a recognized maxim of constitutional law in the government of Ireland. Each of these three men—Drummond, Morley, and Bryce—had, it will be seen, won celebrity in other than political life before he was appointed to the office of Irish Secretary. John Morley now holds one of the highest positions which can be given by an English Prime Minister—the office of Secretary of State for India; and that fact in itself shows how well the present administration must feel satisfied with the work which he was able to accomplish during his opportunities of Irish administration.

I do not, however, desire to convey the idea that no one but an advocate of Home Rule could now make himself popular as representative in Ireland of a British Government. The late Viceroy of Ireland, Earl Dudley, represented, in Dublin Castle, a Government positively pledged to resist the demand for Home Rule, and yet I know that he and his wife won the full respect, and even the affectionate regard, of the Irish people, and that their leaving Ireland on the fall of the Conservative Ministry was made the occasion for a most impressive demonstration of popular regard and grateful feeling. The reason for this was that Lord Dudley and his wife did all in their power to show their thorough sympathy with the Irish people in everything outside the range of political movements; did all they could to help the poor; to make the administration of the laws equitable and merciful; to improve the condition of the farming and the laboring classes; to spread education, and to make the homes of the poor happy. The Irish people knew perfectly well that it was not within Lord Dudley's power, even had he been thus inclined, to help the cause of Home Rule, but they were fair-minded enough to see that the Viceroy and Lady Dudley were sincerely anxious to promote the happiness of the people around them, and to work in the cause of humanity. Lady Dudley helped her husband in his good work with untiring energy and sympathy, and the Irish people would be the last in the world to fail in the recognition of such purposes and such merits merely because the Lord-Lieutenant and his wife were not advocates of Home Rule. I have been reading lately an article written and signed by my friend T. P. O'Connor, in which he pays the highest tribute to the work done by Lord and Lady Dudley during the late Viceroyalty, and to the manner in which that work was recognized and appreciated by the Irish people. My readers in the United States do not need to be told that T. P. O'Connor is one of the most thoroughgoing, as he is one of the most gifted, among the leading members of the Irish Home Rulers in the House of Commons, and that the praise which he gives to a Conservative and anti-Home Rule Viceroy of Ireland and his wife must have been well deserved. All that I have to say is that the one great cause of estrangement between Lord Dudley and the Irish people does not exist in the case of Lord Aberdeen and James Bryce, and that the Irish Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary are now in political as well as in personal sympathy with the people whom they are sent to govern.



DR. TRUDEAU

EDWARD L. TRUDEAU: A DEVOTED PUBLIC SERVANT

TWENTY years ago a young physician, unknown outside a small circle of men in his profession, had been carrying on a series of experiments in a room in his house in Saranac Lake, and while he lay ill in New York during a temporary visit to that city, the lamp used for heating the thermostat in the little experiment station exploded, and in a few minutes the home and the workshop were totally destroyed. Two days later this note came from Dr. Osler:

"Dear Trudeau: I am sorry to hear of your misfortune, but, take my word for it, there is nothing like a fire to make a man do the Phœnix trick."

The great physician not only made a prophecy which has been brilliantly fulfilled, but he described the career of the sick man upon whom had fallen one of those blows which often prostrate strong men and send them to that shabby shelter of the unheroic and ineffective—bad luck, or fate. Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, educated at the Lycée Bonaparte in Paris, graduating from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the city of New York in 1871, had barely set out in that city on what promised to be an exceptionally successful career when he fell a victim to tuberculosis of the lungs and sentence of death was pronounced upon him. On the ruins of those early hopes, with a courage as intrepid as Ney's, he has accomplished a work which puts him in the front rank of scientists in his field, and has rendered a service to his generation which places him among the first public men of America.

Two years later, in 1888, Robert Louis Stevenson was in Saranac Lake railing against the climate and nursing a wood fire with much picturesque and minatory language. The house in which he lived stood on a plateau overlooking the river, and within sight of a bold sweep of mountains. Those who saw the author of "Treasure Island" that winter will never forget the contrast between that fiery spirit and his surroundings. To see him pacing up and down his living-room, his long hair tossed impatiently back from his forehead, pausing now and again to stir up or hug the fire, and then resuming his quick tramp to the accompaniment of the most vivid description, the most telling criticism, the most exaggerated, semi-humorous condemnation of everything American and wintry, and then to catch sight of the dark river, the bleak opening in the hills, the stretch of still white landscape, made one feel as if some spirit from the tropics had delayed too long the southward flight and was fighting for cheerful vitality in the rigorous northern woods. Stevenson was artist to the tips of those sensitive hands of his; he loved warmth, color, light, and joy, and hated cold, darkness, disease, and death. Dr. Trudeau, on the other hand, was facing and fighting these terrible facts with very little support or comprehension in those days, and giving to a community slowly rising round him a revelation of heroism as great as Stevenson's, a self-denial far more exacting, and a beauty of character and life which have given hope and peace to a multitude who were slow to learn that beauty is in the skill of the artist far more than in the material on which he works.

There has been a surfeit of late of the kind of achievement which, expressing itself in fortune or position, reveals, when the light of revelation falls on it, a pitiful emptiness of spiritual meaning and turns to shabby tragedy in the light of its own success; it is time to set out the careers of those who have touched the goal and may be ranked with the successful men of their age. Such men are modest and shun the lower kinds of praise, the cheap imitation of reputation which most newspaper notoriety means; but good works ought not to be hidden when evil works intrude themselves at every turn; and, after the pitiful procession of failures who have lately filed across the stage, the country needs the tonic of the vision of the successful man.

Thirty-two years ago Dr. Trudeau went to the Adirondacks to spend a few months hunting rabbits and then to die as other consumptives died. The great stretch of forest, with its multitudinous lakes, was known to men who used the rod and gun and to a few adventurous lovers of outdoor life; but the young physician, whose career had been ended at its very beginning, was a pioneer of the great host who have since found health and life in the bracing air of the pine forests. Saranac Lake was forty-two miles from a railroad; a primitive village with a sawmill and less than a dozen houses and a handful of people; now it is a community of six thousand souls, of whom between seven and eight hundred are health-seekers or the friends who have come with them. Then, as an "old resident" told the writer the other day, you could have bought a long stretch of frontage on the main road through what is now the center of the town for eight hundred dollars; now "you can't buy a piece big enough to set down on for a thousand dollars."

When Dr. Trudeau found that a summer in the woods helped him, he resolved to spend the winter in the same surroundings. It was a radical step to take, and there were the usual dismal predictions which accompany the launching of new ideas and movements; but the sick man held to his purpose and found the dry cold, severe as it was, beneficent and kindly. He began to hope for a few years more of life; he even began to dream of some professional work. His first winter in Saranac Lake was spent out-of-doors; he and one other man, who sought refuge in the village, were the advance guard of the army of health-seekers. There was little interest in consumption among physicians, and it was generally accepted as a form of fate by its victims. A Silesian physician had published several articles, to which small attention was paid here or abroad, urging the curative effect of out-of-door life in all weather, and insisting that the locality was of less importance than the manner of life; and that nutrition, rest, and open air were prime factors in throwing off tubercular diseases. Dr. Trudeau had been moving in the same direction, and was confirmed rather than led by Dr. Brehmer's experiments and conclusions.

After several years in the invigorating Adirondack air he recovered his power of working, and faced the fact that whatever he was to do must be done where he was. He was practically alone; a long distance from a railroad; without apparatus or money; crippled in health and an exile for life. Under these conditions he began a career which has been marvelously fruitful in three directions.

He was eager to make a test of the new methods of treatment, and conceived the idea of founding a sanitarium at Saranac Lake. Dr. Alfred Loomis gave the new enterprise the backing of his great professional reputation, and the earliest of the large group of devoted friends whom this single-hearted physician has bound to himself with bands of steel furnished the necessary means. A site was selected on a sheltered hillside commanding a noble view to the east and south, and two small buildings were put up; the first cottage consisted of one room, was heated by a wood stove and lighted by a kerosene lamp, and cost three hundred and fifty dollars. There was a small covered piazza, and there, with two patients, began the first out-of-door treatment of consumption in this country.

On this beautiful hillside, with Whiteface and Marcy and their kindred peaks against the horizon, and the river flowing through the heart of the landscape, there is now a charming village of about twenty-five attractive buildings; including a picturesque stone chapel, a large assembly-room where fur-clad audiences gather for plays and other entertainments, and where, with a temperature below zero and the many-windowed sides of the room wide open, ardent billiard-players pursue the game without regard to weather. There are a library, an infirmary, a corps of trained and devoted physicians and nurses, and every appliance which science has devised to fight this terrible disease. When the first cottage was opened, there was no money for physicians or nurses; there was widespread skepticism among physicians, and the feeling that exposure in such a climate was little short of suicidal was so general that it was difficult to fill the beds. Dr. Trudeau has lived to see a large community rise about his first modest venture; to have a million dollars pass through his hands for construction, equipment, endowment, and support; to develop a large institution free from the institutional atmosphere; to accumulate an endowment fund of about three hundred thousand dollars; to organize a staff of expert physicians and nurses; to be compelled to raise every year a deficit of about twenty thousand dollars. The Sanitarium needs a further endowment of half a million dollars, and the need ought to be met at once. A work of such magnitude and importance, created and carried on for twenty years by a semi-invalid, ought not to rest on that willing but overburdened courage any longer. Each patient costs the institution about nine dollars a week and pays five! A more vigorous and interested group of patients has never been collected than the men and women who live the out-of-door life on the piazzas by night and by day, or tramp over the hills about Saranac Lake.

In the field of institutional work Dr. Trudeau has also lived to see an imposing sanitarium erected by the State within a distance of two miles, two similar institutions organized in other parts of the Adirondacks, a large number of such institutions starting into existence in remote sections of the country, and to be constantly consulted with reference to their construction and management. He has also had the satisfaction of seeing a generous and far-sighted woman, who was formerly his patient, build a most attractive and thoroughly equipped hospital on one of the most beautiful sites in the village.

Not content with providing the conditions and to test methods of treatment, Dr. Trudeau became a scientist as well as a physician, and side by side with his curative work he has carried on the work of an original investigator. A paper by Dr. Koch, published in 1883, inspired him to make an exhaustive study of the nature of tuberculosis, and started him on an ardent and patient search for a preventive and a remedy. His first laboratory, the destruction of which has been noted, was a small room in his house, and his only apparatus a microscope. He devised and made his apparatus as he went along, and, after many failures, he obtained the tubercle bacillus in pure cultures, and with these cultures began his experiments in inoculation. His guinea-pigs were kept in a hole under ground, heated by a kerosene lamp; there were no other accommodations in Saranac Lake in which these humble helpers in scientific research would not have frozen to death. He studied the conditions of infection, the effect of different conditions on inoculation, the production of artificial immunity in animals, tested all specific methods of treatment and cure, made a long series of experiments with tuberculin; every phase, aspect, and condition in any way related to the disease in any stage was subjected to the most searching analysis, and a long list of publications preserves the record of more than two decades of tireless study and experiment. Dr. Koch, Dr. von Behren, and Dr. Trudeau have been patiently moving to the same great and benignant end—the discovery of an antitoxin which shall destroy the tubercular bacillus and rid the world of one of its most terrible scourges.

The value that scientific men attach to Dr. Trudeau's experiments is brought out in a recent paper by Dr. Flexner, of the University of Pennsylvania:

> To whom belong the credit of protective inoculation against tuberculosis? In biological science, as in the physical sciences, discovery proceeds, not by isolated independent observation of fact, but by orderly procession. Even the newest, most unexpected, and startling discoveries are bound up with previous knowledge. The successful attempts to produce immunity from bovine tuberculosis do not stand out as isolated performances, but are merely the ultimata of many unsuccessful and some partially successful experiments which have gone before. It is a matter of congratulation and National pride that the two essential prerequisites to the later important studies upon tuberculosis just cited should have been supplied by American investigators. The first of these was the demonstration by Theobald Smith of the differences between bovine and human tubercle bacilli; the second, the protection by Trudeau and de Schwenitz of rabbits and guinea-pigs from certain tuberculous infections by previous inoculation with tubercle bacilli of diminished virulence. Because of the high intrinsic value of Trudeau's experiments, and because they have generally been overlooked in the published accounts of the protective inoculation of cattle, it is only just that they be recalled and be given the high place they deserve among the facts of this recent important addition to our knowledge of tuberculosis.

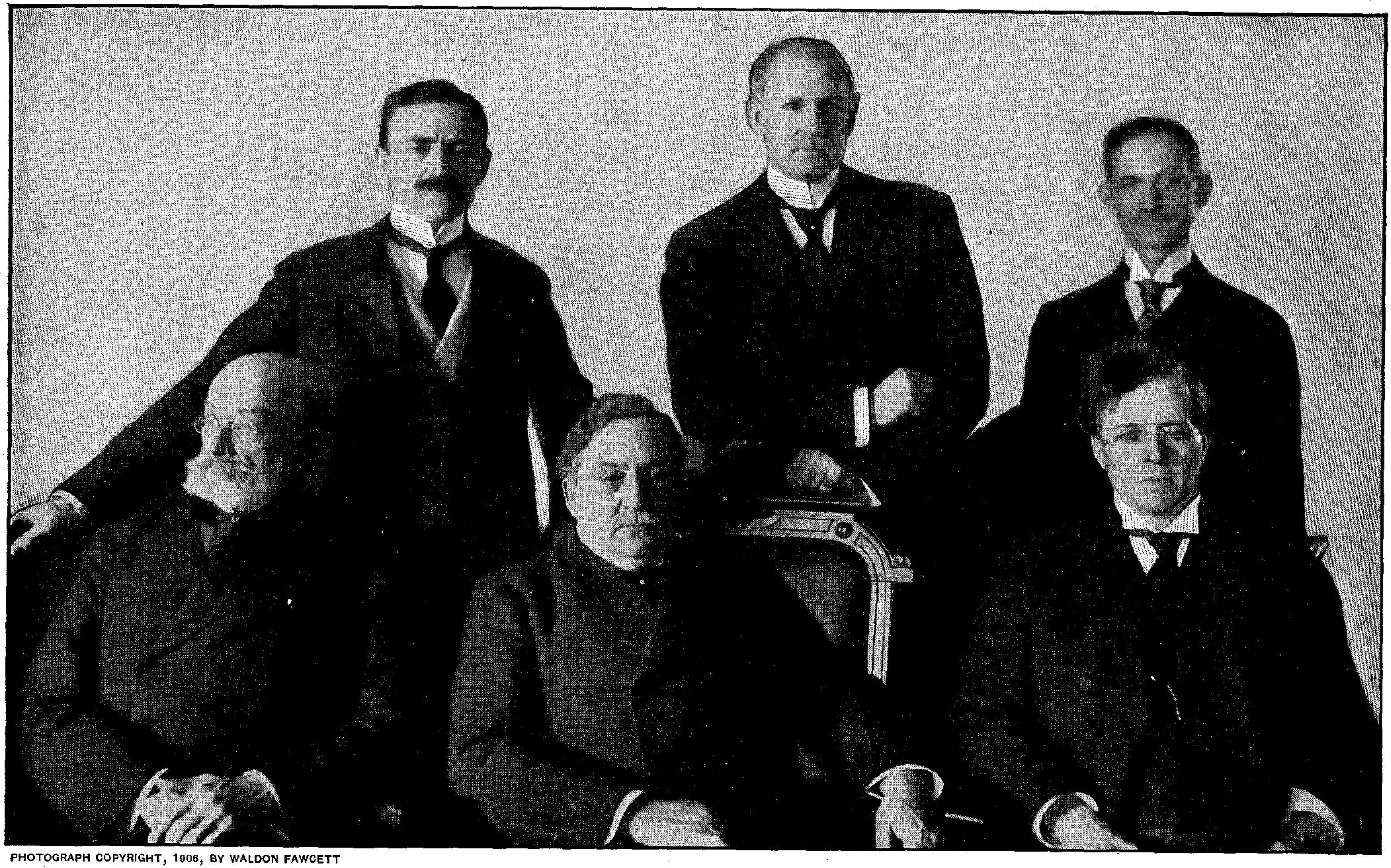
In this work, as in the building of the Sanitarium, Dr. Trudeau has found devoted friends, and has turned what appeared to be his misfortune into the most fruitful opportunities of advancing and broadening the scope of his activities. Dr. Osler's prophecy was fulfilled when the burning of his house was followed the day after by an offer to build a fireproof laboratory. A substantial stone building, with tiled floors and walls, lighted by electricity and furnished with every appliance for chemical and bacteriological work, has taken the place of the little room and has become one of three or four outlying posts of scientific investigation in this field. Dr. Trudeau collected about him a staff of able young physicians, equally devoted to him and to science, who worked with him and under his direction; and, in connection with the Sanitarium, has made Saranac Lake a center of special study in one of the most important departments in modern medical science. If the writer were giving a report of this work, the services and attainments of Dr. Edward R. Baldwin would call for special comment; they are known to the profession everywhere; but this brief sketch is a study of a great personality rather than an account of the development of a center of medical study and teaching. Four physicians and two assistants constitute the staff of the Laboratory, which has been supported of late years by the generosity of Mrs. A. A. Anderson, a large-minded woman whose benefactions to higher education constitute an important part of the beautiful housing and of the endowment of Barnard College in New York. Dr. Trudeau has lived also to see the movement for the study and prevention of tuberculosis started, developed, and become National in its scope, and to be the first President of a society to further the great work and educate the public to a sense of its immense importance.

The establishment of the Sanitarium and of the Laboratory have been parts of the larger work of Dr. Trudeau as a physician. The little village of guides and a sawmill has grown to the dimensions of a town, and the health-seekers have increased from two in 1876 to seven or eight hundred. Drawn thither by the reputation and presence of the widely known expert and by the provision made for comfort and the facilities for treatment, Saranac Lake has become a great sanitarium; the inspiration, the center, and the example of the curative energy, the recuperative vitality of the out-of-door life. The "Journal of the Outdoor Life," well edited and charmingly housed at the Sanitarium, commenting on the occasional skepticism expressed touching the possibility of curing tuberculosis, reports that of a certain large number of patients discharged from the Sanitarium apparently cured, ninety-three per cent. of the "expected living" (according to a life table) are still alive; of those discharged with the disease arrested, sixty-five per cent.; and of the cases discharged with active symptoms, twenty-three per cent.

On the coldest day the streets of the village look like the deck of a steamer in mid-ocean, so continuous are the rows of reclining chairs. In that dry atmosphere the fear of fresh air, which survives from the times when Nature was a source of terror to men, and they hugged the fire in the great mediæval fireplaces as a refuge, not only from cold, but from demons, vanishes and leaves behind a new sense of liberty. The caller in Saranac is cordially welcomed on a hospitable piazza with the mercury ten degrees below zero, is given an extra rug, and recalls with a glow of present satisfaction the stuffiness of over-furnished and under-aired drawing-rooms.

Never were invalids and semi-invalids more cheerful and buoyant. The whole community is pervaded by a quiet courage, an unpretentious and for the most part an unexpressed pluck, which cover the casual visitor with shame at the remembrance of his repinings over petty inconveniences.

At a time when the story of self-seeking and greed is writ large in the newspapers, and honorable reputations are shriveling in the fierce heat of a great indignation, it is in the last degree heartening to report a community in which mutual helpfulness and service, generous bestowal of great gifts of skill and experience, and indifference to the lower ambitions are pervasive and characteristic. At first in loneliness and isolation and now with the companionship of expert physicians, Dr. Trudeau has ministered to hundreds of men and women who have gained strength from his strength and serenity from his courage. They have known that he has himself passed through all that they are passing through, and that he is not only an expert physician but an expert patient. Sorrows too great to be recorded, a support and faith too sacred to be commented upon, have been part of his personal life. They have given him a depth of sympathy, a quiet tenderness of touch on overborne spirits as well as on wasted bodies, a simple, unrepining, pervading strength, which have made him to a multitude of those who have been under his care, to a whole community which reveres and honors him, a living incarnation of the spirit of the Great Physician who suffered that he might heal and died that he might cure. Single-minded devotion, indifference to opportunities of "making money," self-forgetfulness, quenchless enthusiasm, and the habit of tireless observation and research, have made this semi-invalid the great figure he has become, and touched his career with a heroic quality and dignity.



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DELEGATES TO THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE AT RIO JANEIRO

Tulio Larrinaga
Porto Rico

L. S. Rowe
Pennsylvania

William I. Buchanan
New York
Chairman of the Delegation

James S. Harlan
Illinois

Charles Ray Dean
Secretary of the Delegation

Edmund J. James
Illinois

THE AMERICAN DELEGATES TO THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS

IN the development of America as a world power Dewey's gun at Manila, May 1, 1898, was a historic event. It is safe to assume that on or about July 21, 1906, another equally important event in that development will take place. On that date, it is expected, an American Secretary of State will, for the first time in history, officially visit South America, and the event will have a double significance because of the assembling at Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, of the third Pan-American Congress.

The leader of the American delegation to that Congress is, very appropriately, the Hon. William Inseo Buchanan, one of the most efficient agents ever sent by this Government to Central and South America. For six years Mr. Buchanan was Minister to the Argentine Republic. During that period he was designated by the Chilian and Argentine Governments, with the approval of the Congress of each country, as the deciding arbiter of the commission to fix the boundary between the two States. Mr. Buchanan, who had been in charge of an important department in the World's Fair at Chicago, became in 1901 Director-General of the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. The following year he was one of the delegates from this country to the second Pan-American Conference. The Conference met in the City of Mexico. Mr. Buchanan's latest service to his country was as the first United States Minister to the Republic of Panama.

Mr. Buchanan's colleagues are President Edmund J. James, of the University of Illinois, formerly Professor of Political Economy at the University of Pennsylvania, and Professor Leo S. Rowe, who now fills that chair at Philadelphia. Drs. James and Rowe are publicists of standing and will add weight to the commission. President James has given special attention to the subject of federal constitutions and city charters, as is indicated by the titles of his many publications. Five years ago Professor Rowe was a member of the commission to revise and compile the laws of Porto Rico, and reported codes which were, with some modifications, adopted as the law under which the island is now governed. He is President of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

Two other members bring to the work a special equipment by reason of work already accomplished in Spanish-speaking countries. They are, first, the Hon. James S. Harlan, a son of Associate Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court; Mr. Harlan was Attorney-General of Porto Rico from 1901 to 1903. The second is Señor Tulio Larrinaga, Resident Commissioner in Congress from Porto Rico, formerly Chief Engineer of Provincial Works, and a member of the Porto Rico House of Delegates.

The secretary of the delegation is to be Mr. Charles Ray Dean, at present Chief of the Bureau of Appointments in the Department of State. In the Venezuelan preferential treatment case before the Hague Tribunal Mr. Dean was secretary to the American Consul, and is familiar with South American customs and methods, both social and legal.

Such a personnel certainly ought to strengthen the ties between the Washington Government and those south of us. They will certainly have well prepared the way for the Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State, who is prepared to reassert at Rio, and at the other South American capitals which he will visit in his circumnavigatory tour, the Monroe Doctrine in a way to assure to every Government in the Americas the respect and friendliness of our own Government. The interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine by a world-statesman like Mr. Root, in conferring personally with the ruling Powers of South America, ought not only to conduce to their own individual good but also to mark the advent of the United States Government to a beneficial social, commercial, and political influence throughout the Western Hemisphere.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITMAN STUDIO, CHELSEA, MASS.

MISS HELEN KELLER

HOW TO BE BLIND

Give the Blind a Chance to Become Self-Supporting, Self-Respecting Citizens

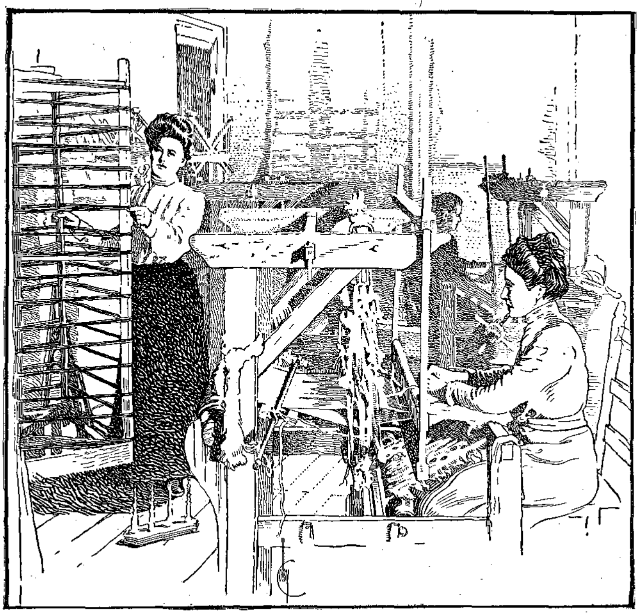
BY HELEN KELLER

THE New York Association for Promoting the Interests of the Blind lately held a great public meeting in New York City. Its object was to present a truthful account of the condition of the blind in America, who are now living in a state of idleness more terrible even than loss of sight, and to rouse the people to secure for these neglected thousands man's greatest privilege, opportunity to work. The blessings of a liberal education, equivalent to that provided for seeing children in common schools, are within the reach of all blind children in this country. But almost nothing has been done for industrial education, which is necessary to alleviate the tragic condition of blindness, and without which the benefits of other kinds of education are all but annulled. At this moment thousands of strong, intelligent blind persons who could be trained as workers in the world of honest toil are enduring the keenest anguish because they are numbered among the unproductive dependent classes.

I am sincerely glad that our country is at last awaking to a realization of this condition. But at the same time I deplore the fact that this realization did not take place fifty years ago. For the problem is not one that began to-day or that can be solved in a day. It has called for solution ever since the first blind man faced the terrors of darkness. We had a champion and liberator half a century ago, but we failed to follow whither he so bravely led. Our leader was Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, founder of the Perkins Institution for the Blind in South Boston, who brought the light of his genius into every corner of the cavern where the blind man dwells.

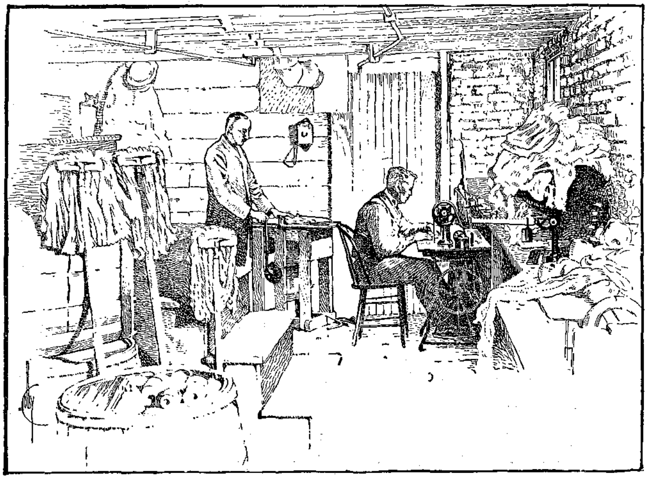
Constantly as he labored to instruct, by the best methods available, blind children and youths, he never forgot that in the nature of things blind girls and boys become adult blind, that most of the blind lose their sight in adult years, and he never ceased to plan and provide as far as he could for their welfare. He opened a workshop for them connected with the Perkins Institution. He demonstrated their ability to earn and their skill to work. He even looked forward to the establishment of workshops large enough to receive all the sightless of New England who could be taught to work. At the end of five years he found that he had paid to twenty-eight blind persons for the work of the fifth year nearly two thousand dollars, at a cost to the Institution of only three hundred dollars. Six years later the amount paid in wages was forty-six hundred dollars. Ten years later, during war time, the amount decreased only a thousand dollars. Dr. Howe's reports outline for directors of schools wise, careful plans for the training and employment of those who are blind from childhood, and also for those who lose their sight in years of maturity. He was tireless in his efforts to open wider fields for their usefulness and self-help. What has the last half-century done to fulfill his labors? Are the blind in this country the self-supporting, self-respecting citizens that he prophesied?

According to the recent report of the Massachusetts Commission on the Adult Blind there are "some fifteen or twenty" blind persons employed in the workshop which Dr. Howe founded and which, under his supervision, half a century ago employed twenty-eight. It may be manifest to others, as it is to the Springfield "Republican," "what advantages this long-established institution . . . must have over any volunteer organization in the matter of finding the right blind persons to employ, of directing their industry and marketing its product." These advantages certainly have not been fully appreciated by those who enjoy them, for it was the "volunteer organization" referred to, the Massachusetts Association for Promoting the Interests of the Adult Blind, which took up the work of industrial education for the blind of Massachusetts about where Dr. Howe left it, secured the appointing of a commission by the Governor, and directly inspired the organization in New York of a similar volunteer association.



BLIND GIRLS WEAVING

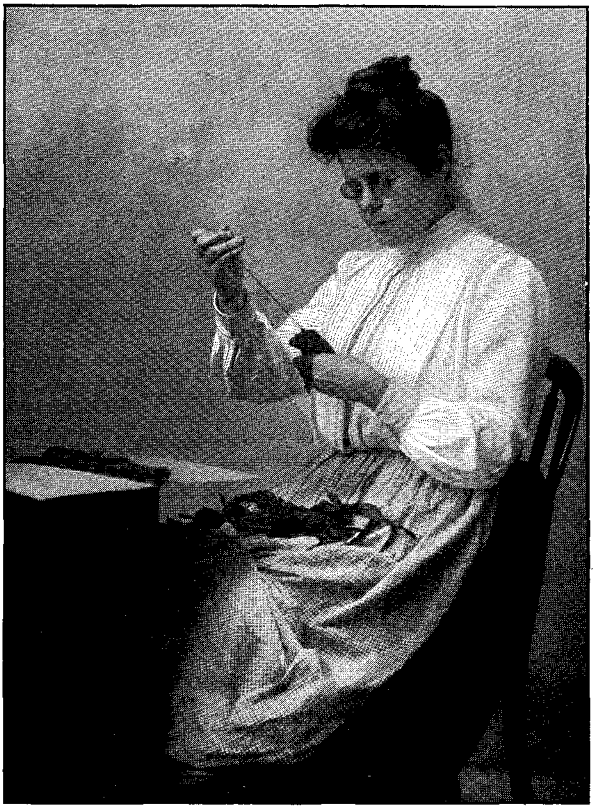
At the Massachusetts Experiment Station for the Trade Training of the Blind. The purpose of the station is to find new employments in which the adult blind may be self-supporting. The woven fabrics sell readily for their beauty and excellence.



MOP-MAKING AT THE MASSACHUSETTS EXPERIMENTAL STATION

The manufacture and sale of the mop invented by a blind man promise a self-supporting industry for the blind

Three years ago, at one of the early meetings of the newly organized workers for the blind in Massachusetts, a blind man gave his experience. He had been foreman in a lithographing establishment. At the age of thirty-six, young, vigorous, industrious, he had been stricken with blindness, and for four years he had groped his way from one kind of work to another and had failed. He declared that he was eager to work, and craved no other boon in the world but work. "What can you do?" asked one of the investigators. "I do not know," he replied. "That is what I have been trying to find out." There was no one to advise him what he could profitably learn to do, much less a place where he could learn to do it. He could not go into the little shop at South Boston. The only occupations outside it which seemed to have survived in Massachusetts as suitable for blind men were piano-tuning, caning chairs, and selling pencils and shoestrings on the street corners. It had been nobody's business to teach a blind man to work, to find him work after he had been taught, even to give him intelligent advice. Many important things seem to be nobody's business. The agent of the commission which was afterward appointed to find out something officially about the blind, discovered in the State eighteen blind children of school age not in the Perkins Institution which the public had provided for them; it had been nobody's duty to see that they were educated. This has been the state of things a few miles from the scene of Dr. Howe's labors.

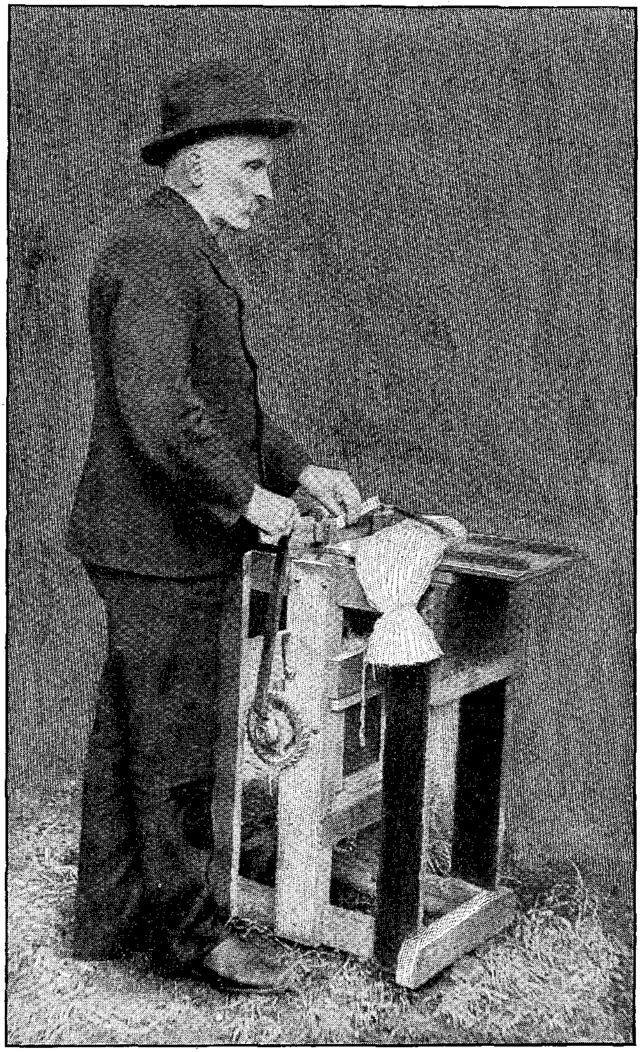


STRIPPING TOBACCO

This partially blind woman does the work practically as well as a seeing person. The manager of the factory says that her presence "calls out the humanitarian side of the others in her department"

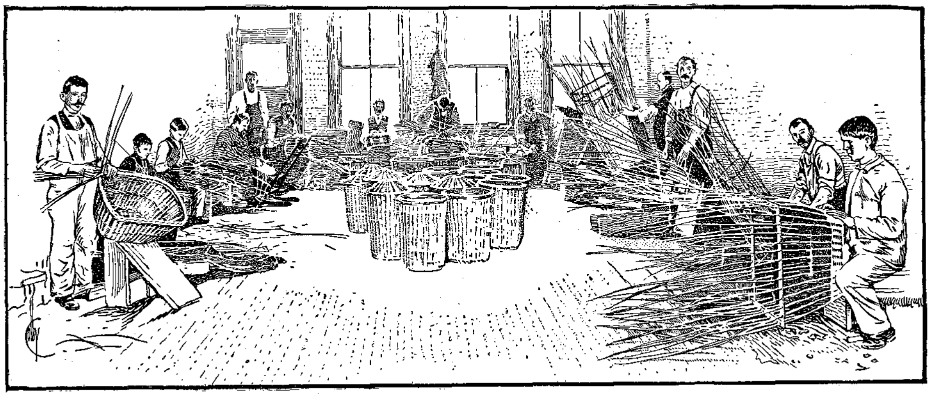
Imagine, if you can, the feelings of a worker like that lithographer, stricken with blindness and cast out from the occupation to which he had been trained and in which he had risen to a position of competence. To him light and life have been synonymous. He has earned his bread in work which required his sight. He has known his family and his friends by the light that shines upon their faces. In the light he has read his newspaper, and walked abroad with his children, and enjoyed his recreation after the burden and toil of the day. With God's candle shining upon his head he has worked and thought and planned and faced the vicissitudes of life with his own help in him and a strong heart. In a moment all is changed. The terrors of a strange dark world close in upon him. He no more knows his way in the street, along the familiar road, even about his own house. He is as a captive, dependent on any one he may chance to stumble against, and if he has no relatives or friends, he becomes an object of charity along with the pauper and the degenerate. He flounders in a stagnant sea of apathy, without course or horizon or guiding star or haven. Or he grows bitter against a fate that he cannot master. The blind are brave, they try to be cheerful, but the "happy disposition" with which seeing people so often tell you the blind are endowed is a fiction more comforting to the seeing than to the sightless. With new hope the blind man hears that there are people who will teach him to read with his fingers. That is something; but it cannot lead him back to the active joy of work. Perhaps he visits the school for the blind in his State, with the hope that he may find something to do and something worth doing. He is speedily disappointed, for he learns that the blind children will be almost as helpless as he is when they graduate from school!

Great as the misfortune of blindness must always be, it has been much greater in this country than it need be. For the blind of Europe have advanced far through their limitations toward self-maintenance. The causes of failure in America are not far to seek: lack of initiative, intelligence, and enthusiasm on the part of those to whom the public has intrusted the welfare of the sightless, including the managers of the schools for the blind, whose attitude toward industrial ventures the Massachusetts Commission characterizes as "unsympathetic, to say the least." What we need, and what we have not, is expert supervision, adequate industrial training, some



A BLIND INVENTOR

He has invented a mop of novel design and devised a machine for its manufacture



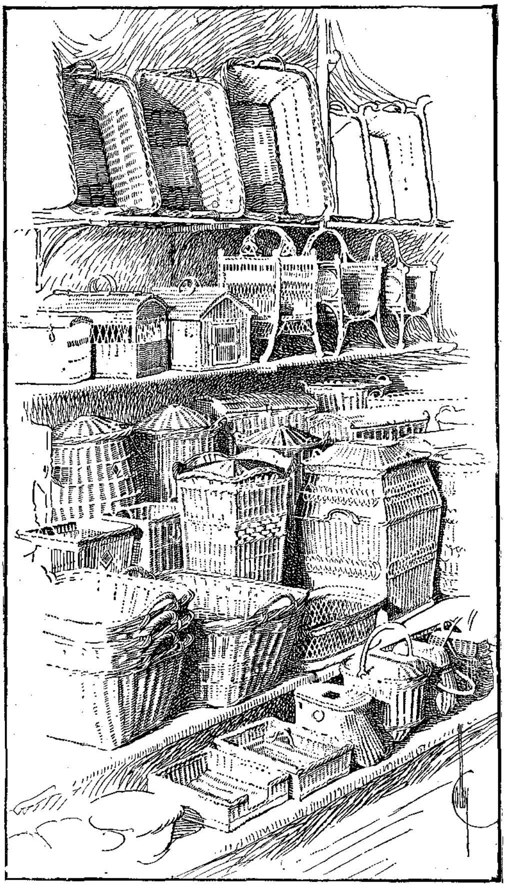
BASKET-MAKERS
In the Wisconsin Workshop for the Blind

agency to find positions for the capable blind, to stand behind them till they get a start, and to find a market for the work of their hands.

It is the policy of most American institutions for the seeing and the unseeing alike to let their graduates shift for themselves; to keep a record of their signal successes, but not of the failures. To the blind such a policy is ruinous. A blind man cannot, like his seeing fellow-citizen, learn his work after his schooling is done, bear the brunt of learning it alone, and know the excellence of his work without the eyesight of another.

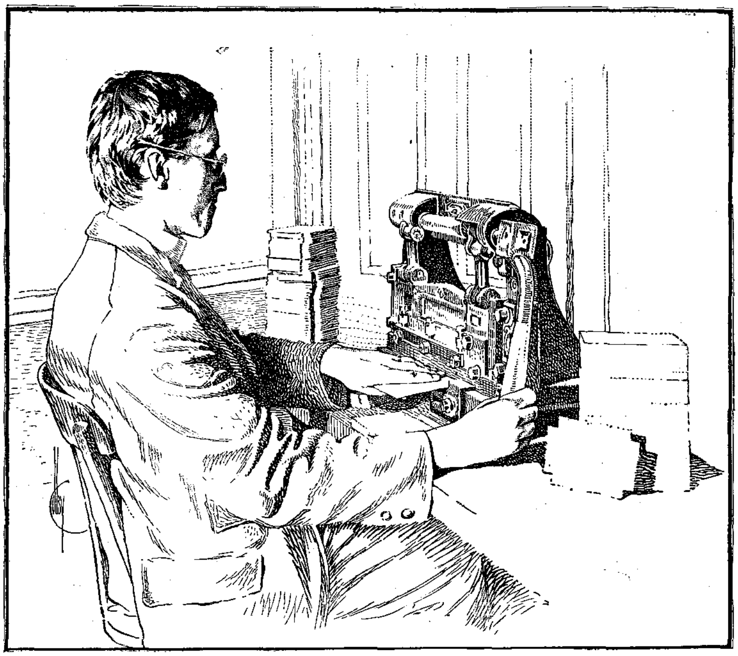
Suppose a young woman tries to knit and crochet in her home. She may work constantly, yet earn nothing. This is one of the kinds of work for the blind which can be profitable only under careful supervision. Hand-made articles must be of the finest design, color, and workmanship in order to compete with the cheap machine-made articles, and only the well-to-do will pay for them. Now, most of the blind are poor, and have but crude ideas of design, so that if their shawls and afghans are to fetch anything in the market, they must be done under the eye of a skillful teacher.

Even if a blind person can do something supremely well, he cannot find a position for himself. Some sympathetic and intelligent agent is necessary to help him, not only to hunt a place, but to overcome a prejudice against him. Unfortunately, there is a presumption in the public mind that a blind man's work must be inferior to that of a seeing com-



THE WIDE VARIETY OF BASKETS MADE BY THE WISCONSIN WORKERS petitor. The blind organist hears of a vacancy, goes to the church committee himself, applies for the position, and proves his musical powers. They refuse his services simply because he is blind. It is assumed that he cannot read new music, that he cannot teach others, that he cannot even be depended upon to get to church and find his seat at the organ. The deepest pitfall to the feet of the sightless is the black gulf of ignorance in the minds of the seeing. Modest, disappointed, abashed, the blind man does not argue his case. He needs a special friend whose business it shall be to insist that people give the blind man a chance. What State in this country has long had any such authorized agent?

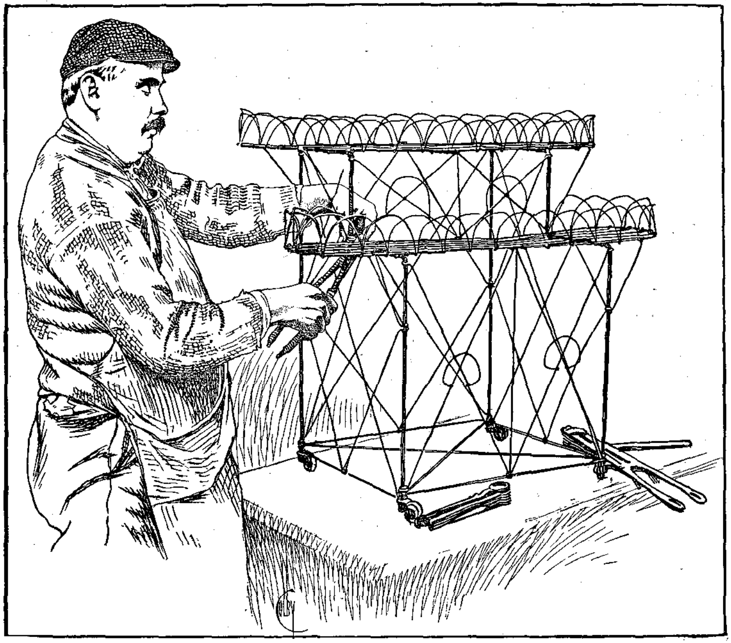
The existing schools for the blind are good as far as they go; there is little to censure in their instruction of children. They cannot do everything for all the blind, but they should feel that the problems of the blind are related, and they should be the first to encourage, inspire, and demand, with all the influence of their institutions behind them, the right kind of industrial aid for the sightless who need it. The directors of the schools for the blind, instead of taking a minimum of interest in this work, ignoring it as outside their province, even openly or secretly opposing it, ought to be the leaders in all undertakings for the welfare of the blind. Does the real friend of a class, head of a respected and powerful institution specifically intended for a part of that class, bound his interests with the walls of his institution? A great educator like President Eliot understands that, if only for his own sake, if only for the welfare of his institution, he must concern himself with the entire problem of which his special work is a part. We find him interested in a trade school across the world from his university, and laboring upon the curriculum of the lowest primary school. We quarrel with none of the excellent work for the blind which the existing schools are doing, but we say to the directors and trustees, "Encourage others to do for the blind what your excellent school is not intended to do for them. Do it all if you can and will, otherwise do not look with unfavorable eye upon efforts guided by other wisdom than that which emanates from you and your institution."



CUTTING CORNERS IN A BOX FACTORY

This blind boy works in a factory with seeing people, and does as good work as his companions

All these circumstances furnish a clue whereby to understand a great deal about the actual condition of the blind and explain the nature of the assistance that must be given to them at once. America, proud of being "progressive," has not learned the lessons which the practice of conservative European nations has mutely striven to teach us these many years. What the blind of America need, to open the door of usefulness and keep it open, is organized aid and intelligent encouragement. Europe affords good types of such organized aid for the blind.



A WIRE WORKER

This man, after he became blind, was encouraged to continue his trade at home, which he has done successfully. His work is as good now as before he lost his sight

The "Saxon system" in Germany aids blind men and women in their homes, secures raw material at favorable rates, and markets their wares. The Valentine Haüy Association in France, and the associations connected with the institutions for the blind in Great Britain, find positions for capable blind persons and hold up their hands until their employers approve and accept their work. The schools co-operate. They strive to give their pupils a good industrial training and then pass them on to an agency that will turn that training to practical account by finding employment for it. When the graduate goes into the world as musician or weaver, an agent persuades the doubting employer to give the blind applicant a fair trial, and pledges his word for the candidate's ability. The blind man comes, surprises his judges by his skill and ease and freedom of movement, and conquers his fortune.

The results of the energy and good sense of these societies and agents are splendid. At the Glasgow Asylum for the Blind the average annual sales for three years were twenty-nine thousand pounds, and for eighty years the workers have produced salable articles. Not only do the women make bedding for the institution, but they have secured contracts with shipping firms and other institutions. In London, which is declared behind the times but is far ahead of us, six per cent. of the blind are in workshops. In other English cities thirteen per cent. of the blind are employed. The chief industries open to them are many kinds of mat-weaving, a few kinds of carpentry, cordage, massage, brush-making, mattress-making, and the manufacture of all kinds of baskets, from ornamental ones to heavy baskets used for bales, coal, and food. There is, moreover, a tea agency in London, the managers of which are wholly or partially blind. Hundreds of blind agents sell its teas, coffees, and cocoas all over England. Finally, eighty-five per cent. of the graduates of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind in London are self-supporting.

What shall we say when we contrast with this the report of the New York Commission for the Blind, which finds that only one per cent. of our sightless countrymen are in workshops? We have delayed all too long in our work for the adult blind, and the example of other countries is witness against us.

But already the States are roused. Better days for the blind are coming. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, have turned from their darkness of ignorance, prejudice, and neglect, and have begun to help the blind to help themselves in the darkness from which there is no turning. As soon as the people know the needs of the blind all the States must answer in justice and generosity to a cry that is not for charity, but for rightful opportunity. We must experiment carefully and then act with energy. The little experiment station which the Massachusetts Association opened two years ago has already shown what blind persons can do. Here industries and processes are tested with a view to their fitness for blind workers. In a surprisingly short time the small group of blind people has acquired skill in making beautiful curtains, sofa-pillows, table-covers, and rugs, and the public has bought their work because it is beautiful. They also manufacture a mop invented by a blind man and made and sold by the blind. If the Association succeeds in keeping its title to the patent, this mop will go far toward giving the blind profitable occupation.

The general direction of the work of the Massachusetts Association is the right one for other States to follow in their first experiments. The effort is to find three kinds of remunerative work—first, for those who cannot leave their homes; second, for those who can do best in workshops for the blind; and, third, for those who can learn some process in a factory for the seeing. The people are ready to help if we show them the way. A prominent manufacturer in Massachusetts said that if it could be demonstrated that a blind man can work side by side with the seeing, the State should insist that a man losing his sight be trained to work in a factory near his home. No objection is feared on the part of seeing labor. There would be only one blind man to a thousand seeing workmen. And the human heart is kind.

GRATITUDE

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

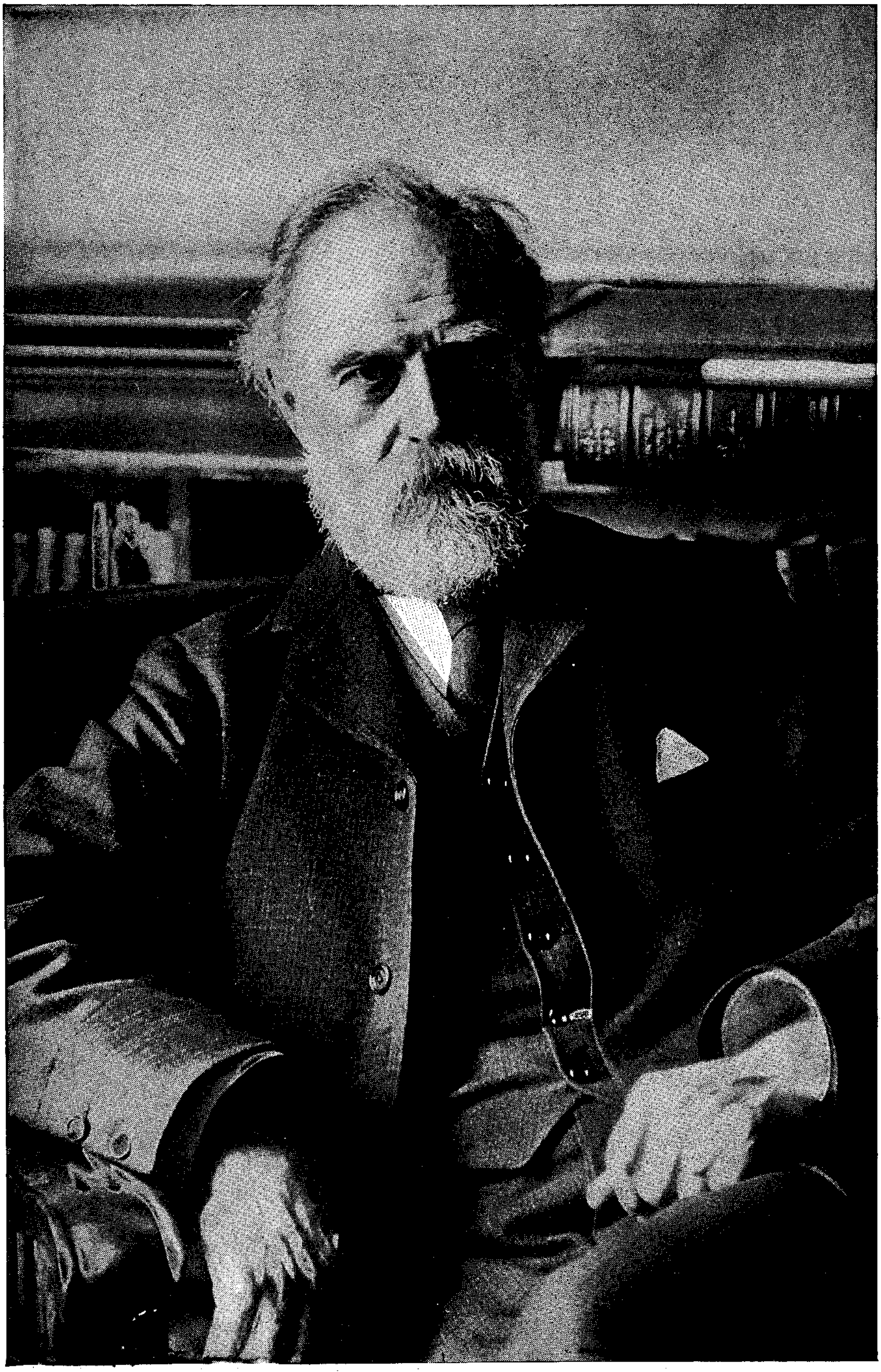
Do you give thanks for this, or that?—No, God be thanked,
I am not grateful
In that cold, calculating way, with blessings ranked
As one, two, three, and four,—that would be hateful!

I only know that every day brings good above
My poor deserving;
I only feel that on the road of life true Love
Is leading me along and never swerving.

Whatever turn the path may take to left or right,
I think it follows
The tracing of a wiser hand, through dark and light,
Across the hills and in the shady hollows.

Whatever gifts the hours bestow, or great or small,
I would not measure
As worth a certain price in praise, but take them all
And use them all, with simple, heartfelt pleasure.

For when we gladly eat our daily bread, we bless
The hand that feeds us;
And when we walk along life's way in cheerfulness,
Our very heart-beats praise the Love that leads us.



N. W. TCHAYKOVSKY

Photographed for The Outlook by Arthur Hewitt

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT

BY N. W. TCHAYKOVSKY

The author of this article is sometimes called the "Father of the Russian Revolutionary Movement." He has been for over thirty years actively engaged in organization looking to political reconstruction in Russia. He was graduated at the St. Petersburg University in scientific courses in 1873, but during his final examination was interrupted and put under arrest, was detained in prison for several months, and there prepared the concluding papers of his examination. The fact that after such a detention no serious proofs were brought forward against Mr. Tchaykovsky illustrates the arbitrary methods employed against Russian students suspected of disaffection. Partly as a result of this persecution, Mr. Tchaykovsky took up his life-work of political agitation, spent several years of study in free countries, including a stay of four years in the United States, partly in the Russian colonies in Kansas and New York. In 1879 he returned to Europe to rejoin the active work of the Revolutionary party, and has since made his headquarters in England. While he has written articles and pamphlets bearing on the world's radical movements, the greater part of his time has been occupied in forwarding, as organizer and practical manager of societies, the cause of Russian political freedom. His experience of life covers a variety of professions, such as student of science, farmer, ship-carpenter, laborer in a sugar refinery, newspaper correspondent, editor of a technical periodical in Russian, teacher, manager of works, commercial agent, managing director of an industrial concern, consulting chemist, and writer. He is now visiting this country once more.—THE EDITORS.

WHEN the magic word "volia" (freedom) first swept the whole length and breadth of Russia in 1861, I was but ten years old. Living with my parents in their country estate in the northeastern part of Russia, I spent most of my playtime with the village boys, and learned very early to understand the joys and sorrows of the peasant life. I sympathized with them instinctively; their secret thoughts and aspirations were familiar to me. They actually believed at the time that the Czar, the "Little Father," was at heart on their side against nobles and *chinovniks* (officials), and no arguing could persuade them to the contrary.

With age and learning these early impressions of mine gathered into a consciousness of deep historic injustice to the peasants, a conviction that all privileged Russians must make reparation to the *toilers* of Russia. This feeling was very general among the youth of our generation. It formed a sort of philanthropic though quite sincere undercurrent for the reform movement of that time. The question of how this debt to the people could be most successfully repaid formed one of the standard problems and its solution a common mission of the decade 1860 to 1870.

The factors that caused this undercurrent to be transformed into a widespread craving for deep revolutionary upheaval later on were two: first, the reaction of the Court, headed by men like Muravieff, "The Hangman," and P. Shuvaloff, the arch spy; and, second, the tide of new republican and socialistic ideas flowing in from Europe. The former tended to paralyze all reforms of Alexander the Second, while the latter proved to us the futility of merely political liberal reforms granted from above and not obtained by spontaneous efforts of the people themselves.

This explains the fact that the first steps of men and women of our generation like Peter Kropotkin or Katharine Breshkovskaia were invariably merely liberal attempts to help the toiling masses in their cultural development by starting private schools, spreading and reading among them useful booklets, assisting them in court in numerous disputes for land, procuring medical assistance, etc.

I was not an exception to this rule. I

started my public career as soon as I entered the University in Petersburg in 1868 as a member of the circle for organizing a private school for children, together with Sophie Perovskaia. But by the end of the same year the students' movement was started for obtaining corporation rights and privileges, and I was involved in it. The broader current of political ideas soon swept away the previous philanthropic thread of our views, and we began to think of the destiny of the whole Russian nation instead of our personal obligations to the poor and the oppressed. The necessity of forming an organized popular force for advancing the interest of the toiling masses became clear to us, and we decided to work for it. A group of five prominent students representing the three most important higher institutions in St. Petersburg—the University, the Medical Academy, and the Technological Institute—was the result; and I represented the University. This was the group of initiative for recruiting and organizing all the revolutionary elements of our generation into an advanced guard of the future popular party on the basis of common political and ethical ideas.

At first the work was limited to the intellectual youth, but in the course of two years our organization grew so strong and spread so far throughout the country that it was decided in 1872 to transfer the main field of our action from students' lodgings in cities into the industrial suburbs of towns and into villages. This new work was carried on at first through individual connections and by forming small groups of factory workmen and peasants animated with the same ideas as ourselves.

The new gospel we announced was a "true volia." It included the communal possession of the whole land by the peasants, and our adherents were urged to gain their rights and liberties themselves by fighting instead of waiting till the Czar would order re-allotment of the land. This was the famous movement "back to the people," and our organization, to which my name was usually attached, occupied the central position in this agitation. So swiftly did it spread that in the report of Baron Palen, the Minister of Justice, in 1874, it was said there were signs of revolutionary propaganda in thirty-six provinces of European Russia, and the persecutions followed as a matter of course.

The further evolution of this movement under the names of "Zemlia and Volia" (1877-79) and the "Narodnaja Volia" (1879-87) has been so admirably described by Mr. George Kennan, S. Stepniak, and recently by Prince Kropotkin in his memoirs, that I do not need to dwell upon it now. It is to be pointed out, however, that although this movement failed to involve in its ranks broad popular masses, and eventually was crushed in 1885 by the reactionary party, it accomplished an important historic mission. It destroyed the mystic faith in the "Little Father" in the breasts of the masses of people; it produced a splendid band of heroes and martyrs of the democratic cause; it created glorious revolutionary traditions for the future, and it outlined the platform of the democratic party in Russia.

A question probably will be asked—why peasants and masses of workmen did not respond to the call of "Zemlia and Volia" (land and freedom), in 1877. This question has formed a disputed ground for the two last decades in Russia. Its answer can be given in the light of the recent events. The mass of peasants at that time still continued hoping, against evident facts, for further reforms from the Czar. They actually believed the story invented by the reactionaries—that Alexander II. had been assassinated by nobles for having liberated the serfs. The only response which those revolutionary organizations received from below came from the town artisans and factory workmen, who formed several half-economic and half-political organizations of some thousand members which formally joined the "Party of the People's Will." The author of the attempt of 1880 (Narodnaja Volia) to blow up the Emperor in his dining-hall in the Winter Palace was one of the leaders of such a purely workingmen organization (the Northern Union), a cabinet-maker by trade, S. Kholturine. Nevertheless, it has to be admitted now that the revolutionary wave which culminated in the "Party of the People's Will" has been mainly a movement of intellectuals followed merely by groups of town workmen and by only a few individual peasants.

Circumstances have entirely changed since that time. The revolutionary wave of the present day, although it covers all classes of the nation, is mainly based upon the movement of popular masses of workmen and peasants, who form the bulk of the democratic parties.

Therefore this part of the story requires our special attention. These men not only take active part in struggling for liberties and the new democratic order, but they evolve from themselves a new class of half-intellectuals, peasants and workmen, so-called "conscious workers," who undertake and very effectively do the part of the leaders of the masses. Although deficient in the rudiments of school education, they are well versed in all burning problems of the day, and can discuss and argue them from their point of view against any intellectual scholars; as a rule, they are well read in political and economic standard literature, and a special class of current literature sprang up in Russia within the last ten years to answer their mental needs.

When the Emperor Alexander III. went to Moscow to be crowned in 1883, he took particular care to receive the deputations of peasants from various provinces, in order that they should hear his personal declaration that no re-allotment of land whatsoever was to be expected, and that *they should obey the heads of the nobles*. This solemn declaration of the autocrat was almost equivalent to his abdication. It opened the eyes of the peasants, since they learned from the Czar himself what we had told them long ago—namely, that the Czar of Russia is but the wealthiest and the mightiest noble *pomeschik* (landlord), who never could side with them in good earnest against his own class. Similar declarations, almost in the same words, were repeated by the present Emperor to the deputations of peasants when he visited Kursk for maneuvers a few years ago. This cold shower to the patriotic hearts of the peasants, together with their own economic difficulties, accomplished the miracle. Peasants even of the remotest parts of Russia began thinking for themselves.

The misery of the Russian peasant is almost proverbial, and it has been ever growing since the emancipation of serfs. Their land allotments were insufficient enough at that time (1861), on an average of about seven acres per family. The population has doubled since, and the average allotment now is about three acres and a half per family. The productiveness of the land in the meantime has rather decreased than otherwise, owing to the reduced number of cattle in possession of the peasants and the natural exhaustion of the soil. No improvements in the methods of agriculture were possible, owing partly to the want of capital and partly to the deficiency of education, which was systematically denied to them. The only way open for the peasant out of this situation was either to look for a job at the factory gate or to rent more land at an exorbitant rental from the neighboring pomeschiks. He actually tried both, but to no purpose, for the market prices were against him. The grain which he produced had to be sold for ready money as soon as it was gathered in order to pay the taxes—and that at prices which grew lower and lower every year, probably owing to American competition. On the other hand, all goods that he had to buy for ready money—salt, petroleum, iron tools and implements, calico prints, tobacco, and wine—were more and more heavily taxed and therefore grew in prices. The two ends of the millions of toilers, that is to say, their earnings and expense, ran farther and farther from each other, to their infinite perplexity and dismay. They growled under the burden, but could not comprehend the causes, "as it was known to everybody from olden times that the market prices are God-made." And there was a period, indeed, when our people were on the brink of despair.

Now there comes a clever intellectual who puts into the peasants' hands a concise little booklet which explains everything. It says that market prices are not God but Czar's-Minister made; that there are such things as indirect taxes and protective duties on articles of popular consumption, which make prices rise as obediently as water in a pump under pressure; that these taxes and duties are made high by the Government of the Czar in order to suit the convenience of the privileged people, such as rich manufacturers and Czar's highly paid officials; that the Government increased the yearly budget of the State for the last ten years from one billion rubles to two and a half billion rubles, and that almost all this enormous heap of money was obtained from the peasant class by means of an artificial rise in the prices by means of indirect taxes and tariffs, since it was impossible to fleece and flog out of the people any more direct taxes (they were 120 per cent. in arrears in 1902) than were already demanded.

This was quite a revelation to the peasants. The booklet went from village to village, was read and discussed at hundreds of private meetings, until it was torn in pieces. Then the readers asked their town friends to send them some more of those precious booklets. Their desire being readily gratified, they further learned that they will never get out of their difficulties and misery unless they have a voice in the matter of prices and taxes through an elected assembly of deputies from all classes, including themselves, and in equal proportion; that they ought to have all officials to be elected and controlled by themselves instead of being appointed by the Czar, as at present; moreover, that they will never be able to elect the right men or control them effectively until the people have liberty of press and speech, liberty of meetings and unions, in addition to the liberty of faith, and that these ought to be guaranteed to them by handing over the land and the control of the budget to the people.

This completed the course of political education of the peasants. They formed, in the course of the last eighteen months, local branches of the Peasant Union, and the ties of friendship between the village toilers and the advanced intellectuals were drawn closer; they concluded an alliance against the whole autocratic bureaucracy and their system of self-aggrandisement and tyranny, and became parts of the new-born conscious democratic force of the country.

As to the younger brothers of the peasants who went to town to look for jobs, they learned the truth still quicker. As soon as they commenced working they found that there was quite a net of fines and tricks in the factory system, enabling the foreman to exact extra profit from the men. But as soon as the men grumbled and began to discuss the situation, and especially when they declared a strike, they were threatened by the factory police, by the factory inspectors, and, last but not least, by sotnia of Cossacks. In this way they found by bitter experience that the price of their labor was, after all, kept down by the Czar's agents, and that in order to improve their position they ought to change all that; they ought to have liberty of meetings and of strikes, liberty of speech and press, and, above all, liberty of forming unions; and that all these privileges ought to be guaranteed to them by a constituent assembly elected upon equal, direct, and universal suffrage. Consequently they joined the union of their trade, the purpose of which was to get not only improved conditions of labor, but also the rights and liberties of the people. They elected representatives to the council of the workmen's delegates and took enthusiastic part in the political demonstrations and public meetings on Sundays, held in spite of the prohibition of the police. There they heard from their leaders that nothing short of the general political strike could settle their claims; and they believed it. This completed the course of political education of the factory hands, and completed their alliance with the intellectuals who opened their eyes. Next they wrote home to their village relatives that they had joined the union, and learned from them in reply that they had done the same. Now they were parts of the huge national organization which they believed could accomplish miracles and was sure to obtain them liberties, rights, and land, above all.

The year 1905 was the year when such a course of political education was actually completed by many millions of Russian toilers. The "Bloody Sunday," when Father Gapon said that the "last link between the Czar and the mass of the workers had been broken," was merely the last straw that broke the back of the camel. Sympathetic strikes and demonstrations in all parts of Russia, involving millions of people, followed. All attempts of the Government at suppressing them acted like oil poured upon fire, and enhanced the enthusiasm. But the practical outcome of all this gigantic commotion was the formation of thousands of unions of all trades and professions, with branches in the provinces. They sprang up all over Russia, met in local conferences, passed resolutions demanding liberties, convocation of the constituent assembly on the basis of universal suffrage and granting the land to the people, besides general improvement in conditions of work. These local organizations sent delegates to the national conference, who formed national unions, and finally these national unions federated into a Union of Unions. The whole federation covered from seven to ten millions of people, including the peasant union (up to three million members) and the railway employees' union (about eight hundred thousand men). Delegates of this most important organization, together with the representatives of local organizations of the capitals and the representatives of the advanced political parties, formed what was called the Councils of Workmen Delegates in St. Petersburg and Moscow, which practically ruled the situation. It comprised 320 delegates, representing 170,000 workmen in St. Petersburg alone.

It would not be right to say that the democratic and republican force covered workmen and peasants alone. Professional unions, as those of doctors, lawyers, engineers, writers, artists, etc., played an important part by placing their knowledge at the disposal of the organization. They withstood the hardships of the struggle side by side with wage-earners. They stopped work when the general political strike was proclaimed, and very often lost their positions after the strike ended. They were arrested for attending committees and public meetings, and speaking at them; some of them attended sick and wounded under the fire of the Government machine guns, and were afterwards shot for doing their duty. Lawyers attended to the legal business of the unions, defended the persecuted members of the advanced parties and of the unions, and looked after the interests of the amnestied comrades, doing all these things of course free of any charges.

These are the elements upon which the present republican and democratic movement in Russia is based. No wonder that these men showed such splendid pluck at the critical moment. They are the pick of the nation. In Moscow they withstood the artillery fire for eleven days. Trains full of railway men came to the town every morning to do their risky duty and used to return home for the night.

There is another question which I may expect from the reader. Are Russian peasants and workmen ripe enough to participate in republican self-government? This I am bound to answer in the affirmative. Russian peasants as a class have not lost the habit of taking active part in the management of their own communal affairs, in spite of all the moralizing efforts of the local autocrats (Zemskie Natchalniki) appointed since 1882. Moreover, the new class of half-intellectual peasants alluded to above forms a very effective body of men to guide and protect their interests. And as to the want of elementary education and the illiteracy of peasants (who form about fifty per cent. in the central part of Russia), their craving for education is so strong that the greatest probability is that under favorable circumstances they would soon overtake other classes in this respect.

What was the reply of the Czar's government to all these splendid manifestations of the young vigor and constructive strength in the nation? Brutal oppression and promises which it never meant to carry out. Not even an attempt to grasp the needs of the nation as a whole and to satisfy them. Is such a government worthy of another chance to try its skill? It ought to go; and the sooner the better.

A MOTIF FOR AN AUTUMN ROMANCE

BY EMERY POTTLE

AT ten o'clock Bartlett conducted Mr. Hatch to the park—an unvarying event on fine mornings. It was late October, and the day was bland with sun. The slight depression incident to the falling, sear leaf and the wane of the season became in the brilliant warmth of the morning hardly more than a motive of gentle retrospect, an agreeably modulated memory of the past. Even Mr. Hatch, keyed to a mood of more than usual petulance, had to admit—as he trotted crossly through the Seventy-second Street entrance, Bartlett properly behind him with a rug—that he'd seen worse weather, though all days in the city were makeshifts.

Mr. Hatch made for the center of the park. Presently, casting about with his little, sharp, gleaming eyes, he drew a gloved hand from his pocket, and, pointing, said, with a mixture of deference and imperiousness, "I'll sit over there on that bench, I guess, Mr.—or—Bartlett."

"Very good, sir."

The footman tucked the rug carefully about the knees of the old man, and then stood impassively back of the bench. Mr. Hatch endured this polite espionage for several minutes, fidgeting in his seat and growing inwardly more irritable.

"Go away," he exploded at last, fretfully, "and walk around—walk 'way off. I'll sit here."

"Yes, sir; and when shall I come back for you, sir?"

Mr. Hatch smothered a mild curse.

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"An hour, I guess—an hour! That's about all I can stand of anything," the old man snapped.

"Very good, sir."

Mr. Hatch watched him woodenly depart, with a frown of extreme displeasure on his wrinkled forehead.

"It ain't decent," he muttered, "wearing monkey clothes like that and being called by your last name. Seem's if a man ain't got any notion of the Constitution or his freeborn rights, to be shilly-shallying around at anybody's beck and call like those fellows do. 'Very good, sir!' Puh! If he'd get out on a farm and do a day's haying! He reminds me of old Sam Ward's idiot boy—he was always standing about, saying nothing, dumb as a pump. They ain't no company to a man, these chumps."

Furtively Mr. Hatch jerked the kid gloves from his knotted hands. He stared at them contemptuously. "Kid gloves! And in October! My Lord! Mittens are good enough for *me*—when it's cold." He unbuttoned his topcoat, taking occasion to rub the silk lining between his thumb and his forefinger. "Good goods," he grudged. "Must have cost George an awful lot of money. No warmth to it, though. I'd rather have my old brown overcoat than two of these."

He gazed about him critically. "It's the best they can do, I s'pose—nice walks and trees—but they don't seem *real*. But I can stand it here better than being cooped up in *them!* He waved his cane indignantly toward the row of imposing stone apartment-houses rearing their handsome heads above the splendid mass of autumn reds and yellows—arrogant mansions confident of their expensiveness.

"Receiving vaults," he sniffed. "And they call 'em houses—no upstairs and no downstairs! Can't see how they stand it in 'em. Don't seem's if I could stand it in George's house. 'Twenty-five foot front'! My Lord, our old house was—" The irascible old gentleman lapsed into a monotone of gloomy, scornful phrases.

Gradually the benignant sun and the placidity of the gracious park began to soothe Mr. Hatch even against his will. He settled more comfortably upon his bench and let his eyes stray tolerantly over the green lawns and brilliant trees. His mind, indeed, wandered out across the pleasant expanse, beyond the troublesome confines of the city, far into a cleaner, greener land.

"Everything's harvested at home," he mused, lonesomely, "and the boys must be gethering the hickory-nuts and the walnuts on the farm. Everything's harvested but—me. I'll bet 'twas a fine morning home—one of them crisp, sparkled kind of mornings, sort of frosty on the grass and a frisky feeling in the air. I'd hitched up and gone into the village by this time, to get the paper. Seem 's if I got more news out of that paper! These here they have are so big, and fancy, and such liars I can't seem to find out much from 'em except about the divorces. I'll warrant Drummer 'd kick up his heels to-day a little—pshaw! getting too old to drive colts, am I? I could show 'em. I wonder if they'll paint the barns this fall? They need it. My Lord! 'twas twenty-five years ago I put 'em up! Everything is old. I'm old, too. The women I knew are old or dead. Everything is old but *this place!*"

Mr. Hatch roused himself with a little shiver, and moved into a greater warmth of sun. He looked about him with renewed belligerence. "*But this place!*" he reiterated, pettishly. "Hullo! there comes that old woman again." He sat up more stiffly, and watched a tiny, delicate old lady slowly moving toward him along the walk. He was vaguely aware that she was expensively gowned, that the furs she wore—even on so warm a day—were very costly. There was a maid with her, a pretty, foreign creature, with a pert air of disdainful service.

"I'll bet that girl don't give a hoot for the old woman," considered Mr. Hatch, with interest, "no more than that Bartlett does for me. Somehow she don't seem city-bred, the old girl, for all her fine clothes. Wonder if she'll sit here like she did yesterday."

Indeed, at that moment the little, fashionably dressed old woman was saying, with a delightful air of importance, "I'll sit right down here, Maree."

"Yes, madame;" and the maid rather contemptuously folded the rug about her knees.

"You can walk around, Maree. I guess I'll sit here about an hour. You can come back then."

"Thank you, madame, yes." She tripped neatly away.

The little lady fluttered her wings and settled her plumage prettily, with an obvious delight.

"Just like a canary," considered Mr. Hatch.

Presently she glanced curiously at the old man on the next bench. Certainly he was a most respectable old man; his broadcloth was dignity itself, she thought, as he sat in the rigidity of perfect propriety. "A nice-looking old man, but quite feeble, I should think. I shouldn't wonder if he came from the country—somehow he reminds me of—of—dear me, so long ago!" She patted her furs caressingly. Her movement of hands and head was most alert; indeed, her whole body, despite its undeniable age, was vibrant with youthful pride and satisfaction.

The two continued to steal furtive glances at each other. Mr. Hatch coughed suggestively. His neighbor conspicuously arranged her white-gloved hands outside her rug.

They sat silent and decorous. A fat, bold squirrel coquetted lightly toward them. Mr. Hatch, with an involuntary look of pleasure, began to toss the animal nuts which he drew from his pocket. So absorbed did he become in his pastime that he was quite startled to find himself saying to his companion: "Tame, ain't he?"

"Yes—oh yes," she answered, almost unconsciously. "I'm used to the red ones, though."

Mr. Hatch threw out the last nut. He straightened up slowly and regarded the little lady with a franker manner. "I guessed you were from the country when I saw you," he said, simply.

She flushed uncomfortably. "I'm sure I—" she began, distantly.

"No offense, ma'am, and it was not from your clothes," said Mr. Hatch, hastily but diplomatically.

She smiled with ill-concealed pleasure. "Well, how—?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, vaguely. "I just sort of *knew*."

"I guessed the same of *you*," she hazarded in a twitter of a voice.

"No! Did you, now? Well, I'm glad to hear you say that—I've been kept dressed up so for the last year, I didn't know, but—and you *guessed?*"

She nodded.

"Old dogs."

"New tricks?" she queried.

"You've hit it," he chuckled.

She pursed her lips and smoothed her gown admiringly. "I don't know," she asserted, "about that."

"I know about *me*," he declared, irritably. "Have you been here long, ma'am? Do you live here?"

She hesitated, but her desire to talk was too strong for personal ideas of decorum. "Not so very long—last spring, and we were away for the summer—and this fall. I live over there in Central Park West."

Mr. Hatch shoved nearer on the bench. "Do you like it here," he asked, confidentially, "in these human warehouses?"

"Where?" she asked, blankly.

"Flats, then? Apartments? Whatever you call 'em?"

"Oh, *yes*—very *much*."

Mr. Hatch stared. "You said you were country-raised?"

She laughed outright. "I don't know as I did. But—I was."

"And you like those *houses*—and this great, big, bellowing city?" He was quite incredulous.

"Yes, I do. It seems to me that for the first time in my life I am actually—" she broke off confusedly.

"What?"

"Living like folks. Seeing things," she completed, defiantly.

"My Lord!" groaned her neighbor.

She sat up very primly, pulling her furs closer about her neck. Mr. Hatch eyed her despondently.

"To me," he continued, gruffly, after a long silence, "it's just like the circus. When I was a boy I used to like the circus. Start off and make a day of it—peanuts, pink lemonade, the whole thing!—if I could run away from the farm. And, great guns! wasn't I tired when night come? Well, I've outgrown the circus. But I have to go to it—night and day—now. And I'm tired—tired clean through." He sighed laboriously.

The old lady regarded him with compassion. "I wasn't allowed to go to the circus when I was a girl," she smiled.

Mr. Hatch completed the analogy. "And now you're going it to make up for lost time?" he snorted.

She decided not to take offense. "Well, if you call it that. I—I *like* it."

"I never understood women," remarked Mr. Hatch, with a pious note of self-congratulation.

She replied with some asperity. "I s'pose you were like most men, so busy telling women about yourself you didn't have time to understand 'em."

Mr. Hatch grinned good-naturedly. "I guess you got me there. But I always say they's two times when you *don't* understand a woman. Before you're married—and after." He chuckled over his little joke until he coughed alarmingly. His companion took it all with a polite smile.

"Some one said that to me once before," she said, abstractedly. "I was trying to think—when I was a young lady—"

"Now that's queer. Your previous remark sounded mighty familiar."

They laughed happily over the encounter. After this the ice was rather more broken.

"Do you live here all alone?" he asked, curiously.

"Oh my no! I live with my married daughter."

"I live with my married son."

They edged closer to each other, quite unconsciously.

"I s'pose—" he essayed, hesitatingly—"they—you—you said you liked it—"

She was quick to catch his meaning, and drew herself up with proud satisfaction. "You mean—do they treat me well? Why, Harriet—"

"Your girl's named Harriet?"

She nodded. "Harriet can't do enough for me. And her husband—he's something big on Wall Street—why, he—he—he calls me *mother*. He says I'm just the same as— His mother died, you know, when he was a baby. And I never had a son. Oh, I never thought it would be like this—it's just heaven!"

She looked at her companion with sympathetic, questioning eyes. He interpreted, shrewdly. "Oh, no, nothing like that." She started guiltily. "You probably think that because I—I kind of act discontented, that my boy George— Don't you believe it. That boy'd give his last cent to make it comfortable for me. He's the best boy a man ever had. I say so. Look at these clothes—George got 'em. Wanted to get me a *vally*, too, but I kicked. And Caroline, George's wife, that girl's doing for me all the time. They don't imagine I don't care for it here."

"I'm real glad," she murmured. "I was afraid—"

"Nothing for it but I must come and live with 'em," he continued, with justice, though with a touch of sarcasm. "Been at me for ten years. Ever since my wife died. And then last year my daughter got married, and that left me alone in the house. I had to come then. They said I was too old to stay alone! *Too old!* I ain't but sixty-nine. I could have stayed alone. I could do a day's work with any of 'em," he scolded. "But George is a good boy, though; I shouldn't want him to know I want to get home."

The little lady was deeply interested. "I guess he *is* a good boy from what you say. I thank the Lord every day for the good boys and girls in this world. Oh, there are some children that—it just makes my heart ache to think of their fathers and mothers. I just come last spring to Harriet. I was living alone, except for the shiftlessest fellow and his wife who lived on the place. And do you know, it was the funniest thing," she leaned toward him confidentially. "I don't know why I should be telling you," she hesitated, shyly.

"Go on, ma'am. I guess we're two birds of a feather."

"Well, do you know," she went on eagerly, "they'd been wanting me to come and live with them ever so long, but they wouldn't ask me because they thought I'd be unhappy in the city!" She laughed delightedly over the absurdity of the idea.

"Sensible folks, I should say," grunted Mr. Hatch.

She disregarded this. "And they are so pleased now that I'm here and like it, and so afraid that I'll not stay contented. Honestly, it seems sort of *wicked* when I look at the things that Harriet and Robert have given me. Dear me, I try to think of the suffering poor in the world that need so much, but—I'm dreadful, I guess—but somehow I don't seem to care. I'm just glad for *myself*." With a charming ingenuousness she drew off her glove. On a trembling, wrinkled finger, the joints swollen with rheumatism, gleamed a splendid ring of diamonds. "Robert gave me that this morning—it's my birthday. Isn't it beautiful? I've dreamed nights of having a diamond ring."

Mr. Hatch was fumbling at his cravat. "It's a fine one," he commented, "but just look at this that George gave me." With thinly assumed indifference he extracted a shimmering opal pin.

"It's lovely," she breathed admiringly.

"I don't care much for such gimcracks," said Mr. Hatch, sternly, replacing the pin with great pains.

For some moments they sat, quite in silence, basking like aged cats in the grateful sunshine.

"You can talk about your diamonds," broke out Mr. Hatch, argumentatively, "but, ma'am, on a morning like this the diamonds that'd please me are the frost-diamonds in the grass out in God's country. Where it shines and sparkles. And it's crisp and—can't you see it, ma'am?"

"I can," she replied, tartly. "I've seen it for—for a good many years. I don't ever want to see it again. There was a board right by my back steps—I'll warrant I fell down on that old thing forty times—frosty mornings."

"I can smell the fine air of the early day," rhapsodized Mr. Hatch. "Good, good!"

"So can I. For forty years I got up at daylight—cold, nasty, horrid daylight—and lighted a lamp to see my way around to work. Till my husband died there were fourteen cows to look after. I can't hardly eat butter now, thinking of it."

"I'd had the morning's work done by now," sighed Mr. Hatch.

"I wouldn't," she replied, acidly. "I never had it done. I worked day and night. Look at those fingers! And saved and saved, and worked and worked. And they was always more to do. I used to pray God nights to let me get rested—just for one little hour."

"That was living then," he chanted, obliviously. "Work is good for folks. It keeps 'em healthy. You never heard of nervous prostration and—and grippe—and appendixes when I was a boy. But *here!* Hah! They're having diseases you never knew flesh was heir to. They ought to get out and work. O my Lord, I wish I was back plowing the ten-acre back lot!"

She flashed at him impetuously. "Work! You say you never heard of diseases and grippes and things when we were young? Good reason—they wasn't time to have a disease comfortably and give it a name. Women worked till they dropped in their tracks and went off in corners and died. And the men, too. Work! I never want to see a farm again, or a cow. When I was a girl, I hated it. I said if I ever married, I'd marry a man who'd take me to the city; but I didn't. I married one—of *you.* He was a good man, too, but I don't know as I wish him back." She sat back breathless in her defiance. "But, thank God, I saved my daughter from it—from the country!"

"Women ain't never satisfied," Mr. Hatch growled, impatiently.

"I don't see that that's any argument. *I'm* satisfied *now.*"

"Most women are fools," characterized Mr. Hatch, loftily.

"They're men's fools," snapped the little lady. "You leave 'em alone and they are all right."

The attack was growing too hot for Mr. Hatch to combat. He retreated shamelessly. "What part of the country did you come from, ma'am?" he asked, with great consideration.

"Ohio," she responded, briefly.

"Nice country. I've been there," said he.

"Horrid! I wasn't born there, I'm glad to say," his companion remarked, slightingly. "I was born in Shrewsbury."

"*Shrewsbury? New York?*" cried Mr. Hatch, excitedly.

"Yes."

"Why, why, I come from there—that's where I live—where I used to live," he finished, gloomily. "And you came from *there?*"

She leaned toward him, scanning his face earnestly. "What—what *is* your name?" she demanded, eagerly.

"Hatch, ma'am. Ever heard of it?"

Her cheeks were quite pink and her eyes twinkled with fun. She was a very pretty old lady at that moment.

"Yes, it seems to me I've heard the name—*somewhere.* Salem?—Don't you know me?—Hattie? Hattie Mills?"

He stared straight into her smiling eyes. "Well, my Lord!" he ejaculated, solemnly. "Why didn't I guess it before? Harriet Mills—Hattie! My Lord!"

"Salem Hatch!"

She took his outstretched hand.

"Well, Hattie?"

"Well, Salem?"

"I kind of thought that conversation of ours sounded familiar," he said, slowly, reminiscently.

She drooped her head. "You mean—"

He laughed gruffly. "Yes, that's just what I mean. Remember the night I drove you home from camp-meeting?"

She nodded gravely.

"We talked it all out that night. I was in—*love* with you then, Hattie. I was going to ask you to marry me right there, but—"

"I always wondered if you were," she laughed softly. "And 'twas so long ago. Think of knowing now that you—"

"'Twas that talk of yours about hating the country that—"

She smiled a little sadly. "I know. I said it because—oh, I meant it, Salem."

"While we're talking, Hattie, did you—ah—sort of—eh? For *me?*"

She blushed. "I guess I—did, to tell the truth. But my folks moved to Ohio, and—and—oh, I married like the rest—a farmer. And you married, too."

"Sarah Winters—you'll remember her?—a good girl, God rest her!"

Both sat busy with their own strange,

wandering thoughts. Presently Mr. Hatch straightened up with a laugh.

"And, after all, us two old birds turned up here in New York! Beats all! You, just the same, liking it, and me, kicking, same as ever." He patted her hand affectionately.

"Little Hattie Mills," he mused. "You were the prettiest of 'em all, Hattie."

"You were always fooling, Salem," she bridled.

"Honest, Hattie, you were."

They dropped childishly into the ancient gossip of their bygone day. The eyes of the two shone eagerly, and the years lay lightly on their snowy heads.

At last—"And you wouldn't want to go back again, Hattie?" he asked, wistfully.

She smiled tremulously and perhaps a little piteously. "No—no, Salem. Never, I'm afraid. I—I've got my heart's desire."

He shook his head soberly.

"My, how the time has gone! It's time for my maid to come," she said, consciously.

Mr. Hatch rose painfully. "I get so stiff on these benches," he explained. "There she is, up there, and there's that dam—excuse me, ma'am—that man of mine with her. What do you think of that?" He waved his cane violently.

"There they come," he said, morosely, "the good-for-nothings. Following us around all the time as if we were babies."

"Maree's real handy," faltered the little lady; "but sometimes, Salem, honestly, I'm kind of 'fraid of her."

"Don't take any slack from her," encouraged the old man, stoutly. "Yes, you can take the rug, Mr. Bartlett. I'm ready," he muttered meekly in the next breath.

"I'll come along with you, Hattie." The two ambled happily together toward the entrance, the servants sedately in the rear.

"It's been a beautiful birthday party, Salem," she smiled.

"I'll be here to-morrow if it don't rain, Hattie," Mr. Hatch said, anxiously. "If you—"

She reddened consciously. "I—I'll come," she murmured.

"I'm real glad—" he essayed, as they emerged into the busy street.

"So am I, Salem. Good-by."

The old man trotted after her eagerly. "I forgot to ask your name now, Hattie. I—I—I s'pose I'd ought to know."

She fluttered to him. "Of course—and where I live, too." They lingered together again gratefully.

"Ain't they the two old jays?" conveyed Bartlett out of the corner of his mouth to Marie.

Comment on Current Books

Important New Books Among the more notable books of the last week or two may be named the first volume, superbly printed, of "Mediæval London: Historical and Social," in the great "Survey" planned by the late Sir Walter Besant (Macmillan); Professor Friedrich Paulsen's "The German Universities" (Scribners); "Lincoln, Master of Men," by Alonzo Rothschild (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); "Bird and Bough," by John Burroughs (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); Thomas F. Millard's "The New Far East" (Scribners); and, in fiction, Agnes and Egerton Castle's charming romance, "If Youth but Knew" (Macmillan), Mr. Rex E. Beach's vigorous tale "The Spoilers," and Mr. Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore," a book as different as possible from Mr. Wister's earlier stories, but of a singular interest.

Braj: The Vaishnava Holy Land Certain apostles of Hinduism have attracted a sympathetic hearing and some disciples in Western countries. The other side of the shield is exposed in this volume by the Rev. Dr. J. E. Scott, a missionary. The chief seat of the cult of Krishna, adored as the incarnation of Vishnu, the second member of the Hindu trinity, is the city of Mathura in northern India, the center of the region here styled the "holy land," the Sebastopol of a gross superstition. Here the Methodist Church in 1888 established a mission led by Dr. Scott, which now reckons a Christian community of ten thousand. As introductory to the story of this enterprise, the "holy land," its towns, its religious sects, their beliefs and practices, are described at length, and particularly the character of the reigning deity, Krishna. His interest for us comes from the frequent analogies drawn between him and Christ. He is, indeed, the most joyous and human personage in the Hindu pantheon. But, as here described by indubitable testimony, he is the deity of rakes and lust. (Braj: The Vaishnava Holy Land. By Rev. J. E. Scott, Ph.D., S.T.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. $1, net.)

The Château of Montplaisir This is such a delightful bit of comedy that Miss Seawell should be proud of her ability to bring smiles to the generally downcast countenances of ordinary readers of fiction. Pure merriment, absurd combinations, delicious impertinence, sparkle throughout these pages. The atmosphere is that of French gayety, and the effect is most refreshing. A group of persons including an impecunious youth of good family, his unattainable lady-love, her frisky old aunt, an ambitious and rich soap-boiler, two or three "semi-royal" dukes and generals, and one or two eminently proper individuals, make merry together in the château of Montplaisir. (The Château of Montplaisir. By Molly Elliot Seawell. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.)

Congregationalists "Who They Are, and What They Do," their origin, history, institutions, distinguished leaders, and other matters of common interest and frequent inquiry for information, are here stated in the compact and luminous form of question and answer by the Rev. Theodore P. Prudden, of West Newton, Massachusetts. He has made a comprehensive and convenient book of reference and instruction. (Congregationalists: Who They Are and What They Do. By Theodore P. Prudden. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 40c.)

Cowardice Court George Barr McCutcheon has somewhat too heavy a hand for his slight material. Comedy requires a light, graceful touch that is but rarely found among writers of this sort of romance. The drunken men are too drunk, and the vixenish women are too malicious, and the gay girls are too merry for truly artistic effects. (Cowardice Court. By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.25.)

The First County Park System The first county to plan and carry out a comprehensive system of parks throughout its extent was Essex County in New Jersey. The work was begun ten years ago, and a considerable part of it is already completed. The credit for the first plan of the system and for much of the energy and initiative which resulted in the launching of the enterprise is due to Mr. Frederick W. Kelsey, who in this volume has written the history of the movement. The discredit for the marring of the original plan by the seizure for traction purposes of streets necessary to its completeness and homogeneity rests with the Public Service Corporation and its tools in town and county governments. Mr. Kelsey describes with vigor and frankness the progress and the obstruction of the project during his vice-presidency of the Park Commission and afterwards. He makes valuable comments on the subject of park systems in general and wise suggestions to communities interested in securing breathing-spaces for their people. (The First County Park System. By Frederick W. Kelsey. The J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York. $1.25.)

The Financier A crude story dealing with the great financial operations and international complications involved in the exploitation of a newly opened up section of Africa. (The Financier. By Harris Burland. G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York. $1.50.)

Another Life of "Old Hickory" It is not a difficult matter to write a biography by compiling it from biographies already in existence, and, for good measure, throwing in generous citations from other writings touching on the subject in hand. But it is hardly to be expected that the resultant production will bear the stamp of originality, or otherwise disclose warrant for existence. And for this reason, if for no other, it is impossible to regard favorably "The True Andrew Jackson," written by the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady for the series which already includes "True" biographies of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Penn, Clay, and Lincoln. Mr. Brady is an indefatigable worker and a facile writer, but in the present instance he has certainly failed to equip himself for what is a most difficult task—the adequate and discriminating presentation of one of the strongest characters this country has ever produced. For both facts and conclusions he seems to rely chiefly on Parton, Buell, Sumner, Brown, and Colyar, excerpts from whose writings make up no small proportion of his book of over five hundred pages. Where he does display originality—as in the closing chapter on "Jackson's Place in Our History"—he is usually happy, which must only increase the regret that he has not shown more independence. His work is further open to objection as ill-proportioned, abounding in extreme statements, and uncritical—defects which quite outweigh the considerations that it is vivacious, rich in anecdote, and thoroughly readable. (The True Andrew Jackson. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2, net.)

Memories of a Great Schoolmaster

A great writer has drawn a distinction between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. Of the latter kind is this sketch of the late Dr. Henry A. Coit, rector of St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire, by "an old St. Paul's boy," Mr. James P. Conover. It is an inspiring book for all who, whether teachers or parents, have the perilous charge of either boys or girls in the budding time of adolescence. In teaching and discipline, as in theology, the heart counts for much, and so it counted at St. Paul's. To Dr. Coit must be accorded equal rank with that other prince of his profession, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and the task which he achieved, as the creator of a type of school new in New England, was greater than that of Arnold. It is a loving hand which has drawn his noble portrait. Appended to it are a paper by Dr. Coit on "An American Boys' School," a memorial sermon of his on "The Resurrection Life," and a number of tributes to his memory. (Memories of a Great Schoolmaster (Dr. Henry A. Coit). By James P. Conover. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50, net.)

Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas

Although this massive work is elaborately analytical and critical, it is none the less interesting, not only to those who are fond of philosophical inquiry into the causes of existing conditions, but to those also to whom primitive customs and ideas present an attractive study. Whence, for instance, is derived our repugnance to receiving payment for the hospitality accorded to a guest? From the primitive dread of the stranger's "evil eye" and curse. A multitude of curious facts concerning the crude institutions of early times and savage tribes awaits the general reader of these pages. About one-fourth of the volume is concerned with homicide, both in general and in its varying forms down to feticide. The philosophic student finds what he has a right to expect from such an investigator as Edward Westermarck, the author of the "History of Marriage"—acute insight and discriminating judgment in tracing the evolution of moral ideas. The high rank of charity among the virtues is shown to be due to the early religious connection of almsgiving with sacrifice rather than to the growth of altruistic sentiment. The development of this sentiment has not been in intensity, but in its extension to classes not originally included in its range. The chapter on "Slavery" has been written, so far as regards slavery in the United States, upon imperfect information as to the attitude and testimony against it in American churches. That they were "the bulwarks of slavery" is true only in part. (The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas. By Edward Westermarck, Ph.D. In 2 vols. Vol. I. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.)

Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant

These two very tastefully printed volumes contain the plays of Mr. George Bernard Shaw which have been most widely talked about, and which bring out the various sides of his work. The pleasant plays are "Arms and the Man," "Candida," "The Man of Destiny," and "You Never Can Tell;" the unpleasant plays are "Mrs. Warren's Profession," the production of which was interdicted in New York early last autumn, "Widowers' Houses," and "The Philanderer." Mr. Shaw is not only entertaining in his plays, as are some other men, but he is also immensely entertaining in his prefaces, a kind of writing which rarely reveals either glow or charm. The preface to one of these two volumes, "Mainly About Myself," is an extraordinarily entertaining bit of unblushing egotistical autobiography. (Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant. By Bernard Shaw. In 2 vols. Brentano's, New York. $2.50.)

St. Paul, The Man and His Work

This volume from the hand of Professor Weinel, of Jena, comes to us under the auspices of a group of liberal theologians in the Church of England, as edited by one of them, Dr. W. D. Morrison. It is no new distinction which Professor Weinel recognizes between the work of the founder of Christianity, Jesus, and of Paul, the savior of it through his organization of it into a church. But, this distinction being made, two questions of vital importance follow. Can Christianity survive if separated from the peculiarly Pauline theology of the Church creeds? Again: Which is true—the stern morality of Jesus and Paul, with its note of hostility to the world, or the ethics of the Church in its compromise with the world? Professor Weinel lets go the Pauline theology except so far as explicitly authenticated by Jesus; he insists on the Pauline ethics. He finds in Paul's letters no trace of the later Trinitarianism, but sees a great advance in the field of ethics, raising the moral imperative from bounden duty to free desire, from a constraining law to a personal affection drawing to the Master. In this field Professor Weinel finds that the unsolved and formidable problems that have come down to us from the Reformation era have devolved upon present-day Christianity a demand for thorough work. His conception of Paul is that of a saintly hero, endeared by his human greatness and also by the human weaknesses that blended with it, a many-sided man, still misunderstood and undeservedly disparaged, "a pattern of the perfect Christian gentleman," whose choicest passages should be read more frequently in the public schools. Innovator as he was, he was a true conservative. Though in him we find the starting-point of ecclesiasticism, of dogma, of liturgy, he unintentionally laid foundations on which they arose. He consciously aimed rather to steer the movement for a universal religion, which he started, away from fanatical excess, uncharitableness, and decay. Professor Weinel is no bloodless exegete or dry historian. He is deeply imbued with human sympathy for the living man he depicts. His translator, the Rev. G. A. Bienemann, has rendered him into lucid and finished English form. While the interpretation he puts on a text here and there can hardly command assent, he has admirably portrayed one of the greatest of mankind. (St. Paul: The Man and His Work. By H. Weinel. Translated by the Rev. G. A. Bienemann, M.A. Edited by the Rev. W. D. Morrison, LL.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50)

Seven Years of the Republic Another volume of the "American Nation" serial history has appeared. This deals with the important period 1811–1819, is aptly entitled "The Rise of American Nationality," and is written by Kendric Charles Babcock, President of the University of Arizona. The chief topic of the book is, of course, the War of 1812 and its results, and it is pleasing to find that President Babcock has not only mastered his subject but is able to treat it in a way that affords the uninformed student a clear, just, and adequate idea of the course of our second struggle for independence and its bearing on the National development. Like the other writers in this series, he depends mainly on original sources for his material, but he has not hesitated to avail himself of the researches of such authorities as Henry Adams and Captain Mahan, and of the entertaining memoirs of the period. Being the possessor of a vigorous and fluent style, he is thus able to impart a fresh interest to a long-explored theme. He cherishes no delusions respecting the unfavorable progress of the war, but he rightly lays stress on the immense gains it ultimately brought the United States. His chapter on the war's results is, indeed, by far the best in a work that is written exceedingly well as a whole. Accuracy and impartiality are also distinctive characteristics, but from the standpoint of proportion there is no room for improvement. President Babcock, for instance, would have acted wisely had he devoted less space to the peace negotiations and more to the brilliant naval engagements that went so far to redeem the failures of the land campaigning. His treatment of the many difficult internal problems of the seven years—financial crises, tariff agitation, etc.—is on a par with his treatment of the war and other matters of foreign policy. At no time does he allow the interest to flag, and he is always explicit and forceful. Altogether his is a most creditable addition to this standard work. (The Rise of American Nationality. Vol. 13 of The American Nation. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $2, net.)

The Spur A unique story, marked by much strength, but somewhat marred by the unrelieved wickedness of one man. Any one who knows aught of Australian or island life, of sheep farms, or copra gatherers and traders, will respond to this vivid writing, as those who know India used to respond to Kipling. The one improbability in it all, unfortunately, is found in the keynote of the plot. Kin, the hero, is a fine creation. The author, G. B. Lancaster, has written other tales. (The Spur. By G. B. Lancaster. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.)

A Summer in the Apple-Tree Inn This pretty play-house sheltered a group of children who were diverted by a Japanese companion. He, an educated youth, was the center of a romantic plot. Incidentally he taught the children courage and good manners, so that his restored fortunes were in reality simple justice to so exalted a character. The author is Ella Partridge Lipsett. (A Summer in the Apple-Tree Inn. By Ella Partridge Lipsett. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.25.)